

Don't Miss **Vera Brown's** Stirring Love Story **RECKLESS LADY**

RECKLESS LADY

CONTINUING A NEW AND EXCITING FIRST-RUN NOVEL by Vera Brown

GIVING YOU THE RIGHT START

KAREN MALLORY, pretty and spoiled daughter of riches, is up before Judge Richard Stoddard, youngest and handsomest of New York City's traffic judges, on a charge of speeding. The court room is jammed as she faces the court and accuses the judge of using her arrest to further his own political ambitions.

The young judge keeps his temper as he imposes on Karen a sentence of five days in jail, a $50 fine and revocation of license. Attorney James Lawton, personal counsel for the Mallory family, and her fiance, Ping Farrington try in vain to have her apologize to the court, confident that such action on her part will result in a modification of the sentence.

The proud society woman serves her five days in jail and proves a friend indeed to four other girls in the cell block with her. She shares with them the tasty meals which are sent in to her from a hotel and promises one held on a charge of participation in a holdup that competent legal counsel will be engaged for her.

R. Jason Mallory, a power in the financial and social world, returns from Europe, docking the day of her twenty-first birthday party, which is the day before her release from jail. Karen is much concerned over how he will take the news of her disgrace and also over the fact that her mother is actually ill because of the notoriety accompanying her daughter's incarceration.

Miss Mallory is intensely bitter toward Judge Stoddard, although Attorney Lawton and her fiance try to tell her that His Honor isn't a bad sort of a fellow and would have revoked the jail sentence had she been disposed to apologize for her pointed remarks regarding his motive in punishing her for her infraction of the law.

Ping Farrington takes Karen home from jail. Her father refuses to see her and orders her to her room. Her telephone has been disconnected and a maid placed on guard over her. She resents being treated as an unruly child and, when she sees an opportunity to escape, steals away from the house in her father's fur coat.

CHAPTER V

THE front door had hardly closed on Karen, who had fled into the stormy night, when Lucy came back into the girl's sitting room.

"Miss Karen, cook has some squab for you specially for dinner," Lucy called, assuming Karen to be in the bathroom or the bedroom beyond.

There was no answer. Lucy, terrified at what Mallory would say, made sure Karen was nowhere in the suite, and then ran down to the butler.

"Fred, Miss Karen's gone!"

"How? I've been here all the time. She couldn't have got out this way," he said with assurance, which comforted Lucy. Then they both began a systematic search of the house.

Certainly, Karen had not left through the servants' entrance. That could not have been accomplished without her being seen. And the side entrance, brilliantly lighted, showed no footprints in the new falling snow.

"She can't be outdoors. She only had on a lace dressing gown. There's not a blanket or wrap gone any place!"

Lucy finally had to go to Mallory in the study. "It's Miss Karen, sir. She's gone!"

Mallory jumped up. "You helped her, Lucy?"

"No, sir. I obeyed orders. She left within two minutes, sir! She only had on a lace dressing gown, and there's no coat gone."

"Then she's still in the house, just trying to frighten us. Fred!" Mallory yelled at the butler hovering in the hallway. "Hunt! Find her. She's still here. She couldn't go without a coat."

But Fred had already discovered the dainty footprints in the snow on the front doorstep. He hoped to keep the others from doing so until the fresh snow had obliterated the tracks.

It was while they were so engaged in a sort of "hunt the slipper" affair that Ping telephoned.

"Let me talk to him," Mallory said.

"Have you seen Karen?" the father demanded. Lucy, pretending not to listen, found it necessary to be in the study as Mallory talked.



"Shall I Call Your Father?" Ping Was a Little Worried

"Well, I thought you might have, Ping. I don't want to worry you, but Karen just walked out of the house, totally against my wishes."

There was a long silence while Ping talked.

"If she telephones you, let us know."

"What? I tell you she's out of the house. We've hunted every place. And she had virtually no clothes on; I can't explain, Ping. Maybe you'd better come over when you can."

Mallory slammed up the receiver. "If Karen had left

this house she'd have telephoned Ping, I'm sure of that."

"Mayhe she doesn't know where to find him," Lucy offered.

"I can't call the police and tell them my daughter is out walking in the snow without any clothes!" Mallory hanged his fist on the desk. "Lucy, something has to be done about this family! I won't stand for any more! Karen has caused us enough trouhle already!"

Mallory walked the floor. He worshiped Karen. Lucy knew that. But as always from the time Karen was a hahy his attempts at discipline always were too late and too violent when they did come. He just did not know how to manage the girl.

Shortly Mrs. Mallory came in, a swirl of mink and orchids and snow on her graying hair. She kissed her hushand without noticing anything was wrong.

"Where's Karen?" she said. "Lucy, have you still got her locked up? I told you that was foolish. Bring her down, hless her heart. She prohahly needs a cocktail hy now."

If Rea Mallory had tried to think up something to say which would enrage her hushand, she could not have succeeded more admirahly. With a hellow he jumped from his chair. Lucy retreated to the hallway and Mallory, pacing up and down, told his wife what he thought of her, her family and all her ways.

Even Mrs. Mallory, accustomed through the years to her husband's rages, was shaken. She managed to get courage to ring for a cocktail, settle herself to listen comfortahly to what Mallory had to say. She bided her time. Finally she rose, put her hand on his arm.

"Jason, you're getting too upset. You're going to put on your coat and hat and we're going down for dinner, just you and I, to that nice place you like. I agree with all you say, mind you, darling, but I really don't know what to do ahout Karen."

She leaned over and kissed his cheek. "She's willful, hut we can't break that. She must learn from experience."

Mallory threw out his hands. "Rea! Don't you understand? I'm trying to save her from something terrihle which will happen if she keeps on. I know it."

Rea shook her head. "I agree with what you say, hut you know we can't stop that. I'm afraid we have spoiled her, Jason. She'll find discipline hard to learn, now."

While this discussion was going on, the cause of it all sat in a taxicab which slowly wended its way through traffic to Beekman Place. When Karen closed the door of her home behind her she had made no plans. Her escape had heen so sudden and successful she did not even have money with her. The ten steps to the sidewalk wet her fragile slippers through. Her father's coat hung to the ground and she had to turn up the sleeves.

"If only a taxi comes along!" she prayed. Traffic was moving. One, two, three—all filled.

She hurried up to the corner of Sixty-third Street, just to get away from the house. If the few people she passed thought her a peculiar sight, in white shoes, no hat and an oversized coat, they were too busy with their own affairs to care.

Finally she got a cah, climhed in and leaned back with a sigh of relief. "Whee!" she said aloud.

"Where to, madam?"

She'd hetter go to Gail's. She could wear Gail's clothes, they were ahout the same size, and she could telephone Ping from there if he had not already come.

Traffic moved so slowly that Karen was frantic. She expected somehody to pounce on her at Gail's house and take her back home like a naughty child. The journey seemed interminahle. Finally the cab pulled up hefore the Beekman Apartments, the place where Gail lived. Thank heaven she knew this doorman.

"Take care of the hill, Jim," she said. Jim looked a little startled as Karen's wet ostrich-trimmed foot came out of the cah.



Karen Proposed a Toast: "To Him Who Made This Coming-Out Party Possible." She Looked Directly at Stoddard

"Yes, madam."

"Give him a good tip, Jim," Karen added uncomfortahly as she realized Jim was trying not to see she was wearing a man's fur-lined overcoat.

"I must he a sight," Karen thought, as she hurried through the lobby.

The elevator hoy bowed: "Good evening, Miss Mallory."

Karen had the grace to hlush as he pretended he did not not note her

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startling appearance. "They'll think I just broke jail!" Karen giggled to herself, then cringed as more people got into the elevator eying her with polite stares. She held her head high, clutched her father's coat about her.

One of the young men made some comment, but she did not turn her head nor indicate that she had heard. But she had to ride to the top floor to Gail's penthouse. Would the car never get there? The young man went with her to the top, watched her leave with much amusement.

Ritchasan, Gail's little maid, was delighted to see Karen and bowed very low. "Come!"

"No, Ritchasan, in Miss Gail's dressing room."

"They wait long time for you, Miss Karen."

She tried to take Karen's coat, but the girl held on tight as she marched helplessly into the drawing room by the determined maid.

"Karen!" Everybody rushed forward.

"Heavens, what a get-up!" Gail cried. "Are you running away from jail?"

Ping was there and delighted to see her. "I knew you'd make it! I was sure when I called and found you'd flown the coop! So I came on here. Thought you'd make for Gail." He kissed her.

Karen's costume was a sensation. Everybody was delighted with the idea. Ping took off her slippers, and Ritchasan brought her a pair of Gail's dry ones.

"I'm looking for clothing you can wear, darling," Gail said, as Ritchasan brought the shoes. "There's one dress that's always been too tight for me, should be just about right for you——"

"Shall I call your father?" Ping was a little worried.

"No, Ping, he'd come over here and make a scene. I want a good time tonight—I'll make my peace with him tomorrow."

Just at this moment Mrs. Mallory, over on Fifth Avenue, had persuaded her husband to go to dinner with her.

"Get Mr. Mallory's coat, Fred. I'm ready."

There was a long wait. "It's gone, sir," Fred came back, his face white. That coat, sable-lined, was Mallory's pet.

"Then that little wretch wore that!" Mrs. Mallory spoke without thinking, relief in her voice. At least, the child would not have pneumonia by her foolishness!

Mallory, so furious he could not speak, just stared at his wife. Then suddenly they both smiled.

"She's impossible, Jay! But it is funny!" Mrs. Mallory cried, as she wiped tears of laughter from her eyes.

"I give up!" Mallory chuckled. "Get me another coat, Fred."

At this moment, the young man on the elevator who had seemed so interested in Karen was telephoning a friend. "I just saw Karen Mallory over on Beekman Place in negligee and a man's fur-lined overcoat."

CHAPTER VI

GAIL and the rest of the girls at her cocktail-party were helping Karen dress. Ritchasan had found a gold cloth frock which seemed to fit well enough and Karen was wiggling into it.

"This was made for a brunette, Gail," Karen smiled.

"I think that gold is gorgeous with your hair," Helen remarked judicially. The gown was extremely cut, with a train.

There was a gold coat, which buttoned demurely from hem to chin. But Gail's slippers were too large. Helen sent for some of hers.

It was while the girls were busy dressing Karen that Prince Serge Rani arrived at the party. Suave, handsome, the young nobleman was being much entertained in New York at the time.

When Karen walked out, a dazzling figure in gold, it was obvious Rani was smitten. Ping, however, ignored the prince, kissed Karen's red lips before everybody and announced loudly: "If you don't want to go back home, darling, we'll be married tonight."

Rani raised his eyebrows. "How is it with Miss Mallory and the young man? They are, as you say, engaged?"

Gail, devoted to this new lion, explained things to Rani. "She means to marry this, er, mild young man?" he pressed.

"You never know about Karen!" Gail answered carelessly.

"Where to?" somebody asked, ending his inquiries.

"The Bezee for cocktails and then we'll go on some place else," Gail said.

So the party began. At the night club the prince danced twice with Karen. He was a little startled at the sensation her appearance created.

"How was jail, darling!" called a pretty debutante to Karen, as she and the prince danced by.

"Lovely, no telephones to bother!" Karen answered as gaily. Odd how here in this gorgeous room Karen thought suddenly of Violet and Blanche and Thelma! Heavens! She put her hand to her head.

"I'm drinking too much!" She wished the prince would not hold her so close.

"You're gorgeous!" he was saying. "Too gorgeous to waste on that skimmed-milk young man, Karen!" He pronounced her name with a queer accent which stirred her. "Karen!" He raised her hand to his lips as the dance ended.

People surrounded her. Everybody wanted to buy her a drink, just to celebrate her "coming-out" party.

Ping came at last. "We'd better get out. Somebody's called the newspapers." he whispered.

Gail, annoyed at Rani's absorption with Karen, was devoting herself to Bill Ray. Serge asked about Bill, when they were both in the limousine.

"She's been engaged to Bill for years," Karen told Rani, as they rolled along. "Poor Bill, this is a break for him, Your Highness."

"Call me Serge, Karen!" he begged, holding her hand under Ping's nose.

"Say it!" His lips were at her ear and he dropped a furtive kiss.

"Serge——" Karen's voice faltered.

"I'm going to marry you, Karen. I give you fair warning!"

Karen looked up into the prince's black eyes as the lights of Broadway flashed by. His daring intrigued her.

"Do you take the challenge?"

"You're being absurd!" she cried in protest, suddenly afraid. "I'm not going to marry anybody."

"That's all I wanted to hear, my sweet," he retorted.

Ping, sitting on the other side of Karen, wanted to hear what the prince was saying, but everything was so confusing. Ping tried to hide his jealousy, but he was wild.

"Poor Ping!" Gail murmured to Bill. "He's in for an awful life!"

"You just think he is. He hasn't a chance to win in that game, Gail. You should know that," Bill retorted.

"What do you mean?"

"Just watch, my pet!"

Nobody ever told Karen how they all got into the lobby of the Ritz Tower. It just happened. Ping had been worried because their appearance created such a sensation every place Karen went. It must have been Karen who remembered Lawton had a penthouse at the Tower, and that they served marvelous food.

"I tell you we shouldn't be barging about town this way. We are stopping traffic," Ping protested.

"On to Lawton—what's an attorney for, anyhow?" Karen had cried.

Finally the two carloads of young people were precipitated out at the hotel. It was Karen who spoke to the room clerk. "Miss Mallory and her guests for Mr. Lawton."

Something in the tilt of that regal little head made the man jump through the hoop. Shortly Karen was talking with Lawton's valet.

"We're on the loose, Lewis. Is Mr. Jim home? Good. We'll come up. Order a gorgeous dinner for all of us—fourteen——" She smiled a radiant smile at the poor befuddled clerk. Then she turned and walked straight into Richard Stoddard.

A hush fell over the crowd at this sudden meeting. For a moment the man and the girl just looked at each other. Of the two, Stoddard was the more embarrassed. He had been waiting, overcoat over his arm, for others of his fraternity which was meeting at the Tower that night.

Stoddard, white-faced, looked down into Karen's velvety brown eyes. Then, furtively, he looked about for some method of escape. But there was none. Karen barred his way, impudently, boldly. Stoddard gasped, like a drowning man. Then set his jaw. He had to face it. No way out.

"Judge! Fancy seeing you here!"

Karen came close and held out her hand. Stoddard took it mechanically. Karen looked up at Stoddard, her wide brown eyes without a trace of guilt.

"This is my 'coming-out' party; we're having champagne. Come along, Judge. After all, you're really the guest of honor."

"I'm sorry——"

"Come along, I insist. Ping, make him!"

The crowd gathered around Stoddard. He tried to protest. But they swept him with them to the elevator.

"Just one cocktail, Judge, to celebrate my freedom!" Karen was saying as the door opened for Lawton's penthouse. Lewis, putty in Karen's hands, was

arranging everything when the party poured into Lawton's drawing room.

Karen immediately became the hostess. Rani watched her with fascinated eyes. So did Stoddard, uneasy, anxious to make his getaway.

"I'm attending a meeting," he explained to Karen.

"I had no idea you were so handsome," Karen replied wickedly as she stood back and admired him in his dinner clothes. "I shouldn't have minded your sending me to jail if I'd realized that!" she continued.

The prince felt sorry for the judge. He tried to stop Karen, but she shook off his restraining arm. Nothing could stop Karen now. Ping knew it and did not try.

When the cocktails had been mixed in a huge punch bowl it was Karen who proposed the toast: "To him who made this coming-out party possible!"

She raised her glass, looking up at Stoddard. Rani saluted with admiration at the self-control of the young judge. Karen was being impossible, Gail said loudly for all to hear. Because she'd been in jail was no reason, for her holding the whole spotlight!

Even after all this Karen was not satisfied to let Stoddard go in peace. "Please stay," she begged. "We ought to know each other better!"

"You're being incorrigible," he warned her. "I'm sorry I can't stay. There's a meeting downstairs and I'm supposed to be making a speech."

"Can't we come along?" Karen asked impudently.

"Certainly not!" the judge replied. "You've caused me trouble enough, Miss Mallory."

"Then why did you send me to jail?"

"Because you deserved it!" the judge retorted.

"Can't we be friendly enemies?" Karen demanded.

"Friendly enemies, Miss Mallory!" Stoddard picked up his coat and hat, said his goodbys.

"Goodby, Your Honor," Karen said, but there were large lights in her eyes. Then suddenly she stood on her tiptoes, put her arms about the judge's neck and kissed him full on the mouth. A sudden silence fell on the crowd.

Stoddard felt his cheeks grow a dull red. Never in his life had he been more furious. Karen's hands slipped to his shoulders.

Stoddard suddenly dropped his hat and coat. In a flash he pulled out a chair, grabbed the unresisting Karen. He held the gold-clad figure tight and with one swift gesture put her firmly over his knee.

There before the fascinated 14 he spanked her and spanked her soundly. Once, twice, three times, he administered a smart slap to the gold-clad hips.

Karen Mallory was too surprised to protest.

Then he abruptly set her on her feet, picked up his coat and hat and walked to the door.

"Karen Mallory, that's what I should have done with you last week instead of sending you to jail." He opened the door. "You don't play fair. You hit below the belt. You're nothing but a spoiled brat!" was his parting shot. "And some day you'll get caught up with!"

The door closed and he was gone.



There, Before the Fascinated Guests He Spanked Her and Spanked Her Soundly

CHAPTER VII

"YOU'RE going to marry me, if not tonigbt, some time!" Rani sat close to Karen on the davenport in Lawton's apartment. It was hours later. Hours since Dick Stoddard had spanked her, openly, and before everybody in the room! Karen could still feel the smart of his hand.

"Karen," Serge's voice seemed the only permanent thing in the girl's world. Oh, yes. She was furious. Furious at Dick. Dick! She called him that now.

"Would a gentleman ever strike a lady?" she demanded of the prince.

"No, but a man might hit a woman he loves!"

Karen laughed at the idea. "You're being absurd, Serge!"

"He'd be a fool if he did not love you, and I can see he is not a fool."

Serge watched this gorgeous creature intently. What was in her mind, what was under that smooth honey-colored hair? He held her hands tight. She leaned toward him.

But Ping was standing before them. "Come, we're going home! You must be tired."

"No, it's my coming-out party. I want to stay."

"American women are without courage—they promise, and they fail." He whispered that in her ear. "You do not dare stay. If you stay you will go away tonight and marry me. That is why you do not dare stay on."

Poor Karen! Her tilted chin went up in defiance. "I'm staying, Ping. I won't go home."

So Ping went on his way. Hurt, angry, he left without another word. Gail began to worry about Karen. Serge was playing his part just a little too well!

It must have been long after midnight when Lawton came home. As the din rose from his apartment before he reached the door, he knew who was there. Mallory had communicated with him about Karen's disappearance. "So I've the young lady on my hands."

He walked in. "How charming of you to come!" he said with a deep bow. "Please make yourselves at home!"

He chucked Karen under the chin, gave Gail a kiss. "I'm off for bed. First person who wakes me up gets thrown out!" he warned. "I've had a hard day."

Lawton drew Karen aside before he left his uninvited guests to continue their party. "Where's Ping?"

"He's gone home in a huff!"

"Be careful—these princes are bad medicine! And you've got a lot of millions."

"Doesn't any man ever think of me without my millions?"

Lawton shook his head he gave her hand a little pat. In that moment he felt sorry for Karen. "I doubt it!" His answer was brutal, and it had the desired effect.

"I'm being a fool. All right, darling, go to sleep. Only in a crisis will we call you!"

"Even if it's abdication, don't call!" he said definitely over his shoulder as he went in, locked his bedroom door behind him. He knew this crowd!

It developed that Serge could play the piano exquisitely. Hours later, Karen, curled up on the davenport, listened with closed eyes. The others were in the kitchen scrambling eggs. The apartment was quiet for a little while.

Serge let his fingers run over the keys lightly as he sang the love songs of his native country. His eyes never left Karen's mobile face. As he watched, the slow tears rolled from under her closed lids.

"That is very beautiful! What does it

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Masters of the Craft

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

IT WAS AN HONOR TO SAIL WITH CAPT. MASTERMAN—AN HONOR NOBODY WANTED TWICE

THIS is really my Uncle George's story, bellowed out in his eighty-fifth year while he sat on the porch of his home and hammered on a rickety table for emphasis. The sea glittered bluely scarce a quarter of a mile away, and there was a sweet wind upon gorse that ran to the very edge of the chalk cliffs. A black-walled steamer sat thinly upon the horizon and her smoke lay like a dark serpent across the cloud-spotted sky. Uncle George was angry and the carpenter was the cause of it.

He had hired the man, a youth with a fair bristle of mustache, to put in a new door for him, and I had thought the work had gone forward with efficiency and dispatch. It was true the door was, perhaps, a little out of square; and it was true the carpenter had had to file away part of the latch to make the thing fit. . . . Still, the door was in and all you could expect of a door was that it would open and shut.

"That's the trouble with this day and age," bellowed Uncle George. "Anything'll do. Slap a job together and get it over with. There's no such thing as pride in work any more. Not a bit. They turn out wood butchers with six months' training and call 'em carpenters. Speedy, oh, aye! But rotten, rotten!"

He blew down his white beard and glared round at the offending door.

"I've known th' men of my time to spend all morning on a joint," he insisted. "Slow, maybe, but the joint was a joint. It'd last. You could trust your confounded life to it. New windows didn't rattle then and a door shut square and tight; and you could come back 20 years later and still find it shutting square and tight. . . . The old days had men."

He hammered on the table and scowled.

"It's this mass-production business, that's what. Hurry, hurry, hurry! No time for pains. It used to be a man'd spend six years' apprenticeship to learn his trade. Couldn't draw full wages until he had. Four years before the mast as a boy and you were an able seaman. Now they sign 'em on full pay after four months. Bah!" He spat.

"You'd never see a man now take an extra five minutes to finish a job proper. Never! As soon as the whistle goes or the watch ends he's starting for'ard. He's quitting, according to his rights. If he had a hammer lifted to hit a nail he'd drop it and run. There's no craftsmanship any more. We've got a lot of newfangled things we never had, maybe. Better grub and wages. More time to fool around. But we've lost something, and I'm not so sure that what we've got for it is worth it. . . . Let me tell you something that happened when I was second mate under Bully Masterman, on the Pride of Lahore!"

He blew his massive nose in his large red handkerchief and stared out across the brilliant sea, which was no bluer than his hard old eyes. The wind splayed out his white beard and he stroked it with a large-veined and still horny hand.

"You'll never have heard of Bully Masterman, seeing you're a steamship man," he announced abruptly. "But he was something to talk about in the '60's. Six feet two tall; built like a whaler and with the devil's own temper. Drink his two quarts a day and always upright on his feet. As soon knock you down as look at you, and he'd shoot men off the yards if they didn't move fast enough to suit him. There was one voyage, after I'd left him, when he got into 'Frisco with 17 men dead out of a crew of 50. That was Masterman. But he made passages. London to Melbourne in 64 days. Seventy days New York to 'Frisco. Something to talk about. But there wasn't a seaman from Liverpool to Sidney who wouldn't have knifed him, given guts and the chance. I was with him for seven months, so I know.

"He was a driver. Man or ship, it didn't matter to him. Never shorten down. We'd carry sail, staggering fit to go under, when other packets would be running with bare poles. He'd padlock the gear if we talked of getting canvas in, and I've seen him smash a man's skull with a belaying pin for setting hand to a line without orders. Aye, smash his skull and then toss him overside like he was so much rope-yarn cluttering up the decks. Once the mate

Masterman Knocked the Man Down the Companion

said something he didn't like and he chained him to the chicken coop and fed him corn for two days, like he was a fowl. Aye, that was Masterman. He gave me my first gray hairs, but he was a man and he knew his trade!

"WE CAME out of Liverpool this voyage, short-handed as usual, with a crew the crimps had got for us.

"No man in his senses ever signed with Masterman, so we'd get our crews drugged or drunk and spend half a day knocking some sense into 'em. Souse 'em with water; kick 'em to their feet and slug 'em down again. Drive, drive, drive! Some of 'em would fight back and some wouldn't. But it made no matter. You got your mate's ticket then for being tough; and if you weren't tough enough Masterman offered your job to any man for'ard who could lick you. Or he'd lick you himself. That was the way of it. Masterman started as soon as we'd dropped the tug this time, just as the clipper was beginning to feel the sea.

"A man named Stevens came aft to relieve the wheel and, being drunk, he forgot himself and went up the weather side. Never should go up the weather side. Lee side for men. 'Where do you think you're going?' asks Masterman and he knocks the man down the companion. Stevens gets up, feeling for his knife. He was a good sailor. Twenty years before the mast. 'There's no call for that,' he says, very quiet and sober now. 'Are you talking back to me?' says Masterman and he takes the companion in one jump and lands on Stevens with both feet.

"I was a youngster and tough but I was sick after that. Masterman hauled Stevens to the wheel later, most too battered to stand. 'Now take your trick,' he says, 'or you'll get some more!'

"So Stevens stood his trick with three broken ribs, half his teeth gone and two fingers fractured. Covered with blood and bruises.

"There was a lot of that stuff. Masterman only gave an order once and then he threw something. Belaying pin or piece of holystone. If the man was near enough he'd handle him personally. One time, in the afternoon watch, I asked him what it was he'd said. Didn't catch the words because of the wind. He knocked me into the scuppers. Hauled me out again and kicked me down to the main deck to get busy. And I was second mate, remember. So of course we loved him, and he knew it. Liked it, too, I think. But he'd never let any one pass behind him.

"That man Stevens got him one night. Got him as he was going for'ard to see a couple of men in the fo'c's'le, supposed to be sick. Stevens waited for him in the dark near the foremast and slid a knife into him. Too high up, but enough to put any other man on his back for a week. Masterman wasn't that kind though. He emptied his gun around, just in case the crowd was thinking of rushing him, and he walked back to the poop bleeding like a stuck pig. The mate patched him up and then all hands were called aft. Nobody said anything.

"Masterman lined 'em all up and turned 'em about, enjoying the job, it seemed. Then he took out their sheath-knives and looked 'em over. The mate broke off the points when he'd finished; but Stevens didn't have any knife. 'I lost it overside a couple of days ago,' he said, his face gray. Masterman knocked him down and laughed, kicking him to his feet again. 'You mean you threw it away just now,' he said. 'All right, I'll attend to you.' Stevens stood there wiping the blood from his mouth and his eyes all burning. 'I'll get you some time,' he said. Said that to Bully Masterman.

"It was a slaughter after that. The men would have got into it but Masterman had given the mate his gun and the mate kept them back. Stevens was in his bunk four days, and he never got over a bad limp.

"Aye, it was that bad, and Stevens wasn't the only one. A big man was Masterman. A strong man. He liked to use his muscles. He never needed a certificate to be captain of the Pride of Lahore. He held his poop deck with his two fists and his gun. and after



Stevens knifed him he drove us all worse than ever. Drive, drive, drive! He worked us Sundays and holidays. When there was nothing else we'd be holystoning and chipping; going over work that was already perfect. He'd call all hands at odd hours and lecture them. If some one left a stray rope-yarn around he'd make the watch below come up and stand by while some one threw the thing overboard. He was a devil; 'Don't give 'em time to think,' he'd laugh, walking up and down, chewing on a cigar and with his gun bulging out of his hip. We were short-handed, remember, and there was no rest.

"It made things bad for us mates. We had to stand by the skipper, so it was the after guard against the fo'c's'le. It got so we were afraid to turn our backs. We got scared to move around at all after dark. Belaying pins'd come whistling on the poop the nights there were no stars nor a moon. Blocks'd come dropping from aloft when both watches were up, and you couldn't tell who'd let them fall. Masterman shot a man named Barrow out of the rigging when he caught him up there with a heavy shackle. He was a devil.

"We had other things beside Masterman though. It seemed we never got out of gales. Head winds and gales. We were blown north for three days, and then south. We lay hove to once for 48 hours when even Masterman had to take the canvas off and wait. We got into wet bunks in wet clothes and got up again to work on wetter decks. There was snow, as I remember. Blizzards. The constant straining eased the seams and we had to pump every other watch. The salt water got into the tanks. We ran short of provisions and Masterman cut down the already cut rations. Rotten stuff. Stinking salt pork and weevily biscuits. We worked like dogs. There were times we had to smash the ice off the shrouds before we could get aloft. We had our nails all but ripped out. We had split fingers. Salt boils. We forgot to wash, to shave. Drive, drive, drive! And the sea doing its best to help Masterman kill us all. If there'd been a mutiny then, none of us mates would have cared. But there was no starch left in the men.

"It had to end, of course. We were in the forties when things let up, and then Masterman's luck broke. I was below at the time and just what happened I never knew. Something went wrong, a cross sea perhaps, maybe a squall. But we were pooped. The Pride of Lahore went into the trough and another sea got her.

"MASTERMAN was standing at the foot of the companion swearing at the helmsman, ready to go up, when the water caught him. You know how it is. Took him across the deck and smashed him against the bulwarks. Knocked him cold, and if the mate hadn't got him he'd have gone overside. The mate swore at himself afterward.

"They brought him below then and I gave the mate a hand. Masterman had half his scalp torn off and his shin was fractured. There was bone sticking right through his oilskin and we had to cut all his clothes away. The tiller was surging about, the helmsman lost, and it broke off before we could secure it. Then the rudder went. The foretopmast had already broken short and was lying alongside banging at the hull when Masterman came round. 'What's that noise?' was the first thing he said. The mate explained and Masterman began to swear. 'Then what are you doing down here?' he said. 'Get on deck and look after the ship!'

"We both of us went up and joined the third mate, who was doing his best, and we were in bad shape. The foretopmast had brought her head to the sea, acting like a sea anchor, but it was battering the hull. The decks were wreckage. The for'ard hatches were caved in. We had lost four men. The only hope was that the sea was going down and rifts were coming in the sky. We'd have foundered if the trouble had come 12 hours before.

"But we lived through it. The Pride of Lahore. A sweet clipper. Stout. Well-ballasted, too, what with the water in her holds. Rode out the last of the gales and kept her decks decently dry. You get to love a ship like that. About all that makes the sea worth while. Makes you forget the hard times. A sweet clipper, as I said. Even Masterman would sometimes talk to her, swear at her like she was something alive. Never mind.

"When we had time to go below we found Masterman reading his medical

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The River of Skulls

Continuing an Adventure-Romance of the Northland by GEORGE MARSH

THE CHARACTERS AND THE PLOT

YOUNG ALAN CAMERON, his Indian trapping companion, Noel Leloup, and their magnificent dog, Rough, are saved from starvation on the frozen Ungava wastes when they stumble upon the permanent camp of John McCord. Living with him is his pretty blond daughter, Heather.

Their host talks constantly of the mysterious River of Skulls, and at his request Alan and Noel return to civilization to buy for him sled dogs of the same breed as Rough. Young Cameron is not loath to go for he is impatient to renew acquaintance with pretty Berthe Dessane, daughter of the Revillon Freres agent, whom he fears may have lost her heart to Arsene Rivard, dapper new clerk at the trading post.

James McQueen and Tom Slade, introduced by Rivard as provincial police, seek to learn from Alan the whereabouts of John McCord, whom they declare they are to arrest for the murder of his wife. A woman who says she is Mrs. Hanbury, a special agent of the government, also wants to know the location of McCord's camp.

Cameron accompanies McQueen and Slade northward but "shakes" them and makes his way to McCord's camp with the sled dogs. Alan tells John McCord of the charge brought against him, whereupon the accused gives him the true facts in the case. He says Mrs. Hanbury is his wife and that McQueen and Slade are not police officers but former war comrades intent on learning his secret of rich gold deposits in the far northland. His unfaithful wife is in league with them.

It is from another war buddy, now dead, that McCord learned of the precious metal along the River of Skulls. He plans with Cameron and Leloup to reach the river and get some of this gold. They must take Heather along, so the two intrepid youths set out ahead, making caches of food and mapping the route to be followed to the gold field.

When summer comes again they set out for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. They have reason to believe that McQueen and Slade are on their trail and have real cause for alarm when Noel sees smoke signals which he says are made by the unfriendly Naskapi Indians.

CHAPTER XIX

FROM a blue ridge down the river valley Alan shortly saw a column of smoke rise, to be cut short off. Presently this was followed by another column and this, later, by another. There was no mistaking it. This was no haze. This was smoke signaling by alternately holding a blanket over the fire and removing it, to separate the puffs.

"Where's John?"

"Over at the outlet fishing for salmon," replied Heather.

"There! There's the answer from that farthest blue hill, on this side of the valley! See it, Noel?"

Noel took the glasses. "Ah-bah," he said. "I see eet."

"We'll do a little signaling ourselves." And Alan tied Heather's white sweater to a paddle and waved it back and forth to the man a mile away in the canoe. When the canoe was seen to head toward camp, the two men and the girl started hurriedly to roll their tents and get the outfit ready for the canoe.

"What's the matter?" demanded the curious McCord, reaching them.

"There are Indians signaling from a hill below here. They may be hunters who have found deer and are telling some one across the valley. Then again they may have seen us and are starting to head us off. We've got to get downstream, past them!"

"How about McQueen?"

"If I know anything about canoemen McQueen's 50 miles behind us, John. This is Naskapi!"

Calling the dogs who were hunting back in the scrub, they loaded the canoe and started for the outlet. For a few miles below the lake there was good canoe water then, when the Peterboro was abreast of the ridge where they had seen the first smoke signals, the river fell off in a long rapids.

Taking his rifle Noel leaped ashore and ran ahead to inspect the water while Alan and McCord remained at the boat with Heather watching the shores for a possible ambush. Shortly Noel waved them on and they "snubbed" the boat downstream with their poles and picked him up.

"It look bad but we can run dem!" was the report.

"We've got to run them!" insisted Alan. "They can shoot us out of the boat from the shore, here. We've got to get out of this country!"

"That's right, Alan!" agreed McCord, a soothing arm circling the shoulders of the girl who stood gripping her rifle, her frightened eyes patrolling the opposite shore.

"Ah-hah! We go!"

The Peterboro caught the suck of the first drop and was into the maw of the white water where the river boiled and churned and lashed itself into a frenzy of foam and flung spume until hidden by a rock bend. Following black water channels past boulders over which the driven water mounded high to burst into cascades of spray; missing, by the width of a paddle, upthrusts and splinters of rock where the river thrashed itself into white fury; dodging knife-edged ledges that would rip the bottom from nose to stern; the Peterboro raced and plunged past the menacing shores where hidden Naskapi could pour upon them a withering fire.

On down the river they pushed through the day and into the long twilight, putting mile after mile between the canoe and the hills of the signal smoke. The dusk was beginning to pack the spruce of the shores when the tired canoemen began to look for a place to camp. At a widening where the river bed was strewn with boulders but the water not strong, the bowman swung the nose of the canoe toward the beach. But, within a hundred feet of the shore, the Peterboro with its heavy load rode upon a submerged boulder and, before the crew could save it, rolled and they were in the river.

"Save the flour and pemmican! Don't let the pemmican sink!" cried Alan as he came up beside the filling boat. "Are you all right Heather?" he called to the girl who had been thrown wide and was swimming back to the canoe pivoting on its caught bow with the current.

"All right!" answered the girl, who swam like a fish.

"Get her bow off, quick, before we lose our loose stuff!"

"I've got it!" yelled the giant, standing on the submerged rock as he heaved and freed the bow.

Frantically the crew worked, in water like ice, to bring the half-filled craft ashore. They were shortly in shoal water where they freed the precious pemmican, flour, and provision bags from their lashings and put them on the beach, then emptied the canoe.

"Any paddles gone?" cried Alan.

"Mine and Heather's," answered McCord.

"Come on, Noel they'll drift ashore in that bend!" And the two boys, leaping into the canoe in the fast fading light, hurried away and were back shortly with the lost paddles.

Then while a fire was kindled the flour bags were examined.

"The water got to two bags," mourned Alan, "but we'll save some of it if we work quick enough! The pemmican's all right!"

They opened the wet bags and removing what flour had not been reached by water, placed it in spare bags, then spread their outfit out to dry by the fire. Owing to the fact that everything of value in the canoe was lashed to the thwarts they had lost nothing except the flour, but that was serious enough. Half of that was ruined.

While the steam rose from their wet clothes and their socks hung on a thong suspended by sticks, they stood in their bare feet drying out beside the fire.

"To roll on a boulder in slow water after the exhibition you boys put up in that white-water, is what they call the irony of fate," lamented McCord.

"Just the way it always happens!" laughed Alan. "Like one of the Crees at Fort George who came back from

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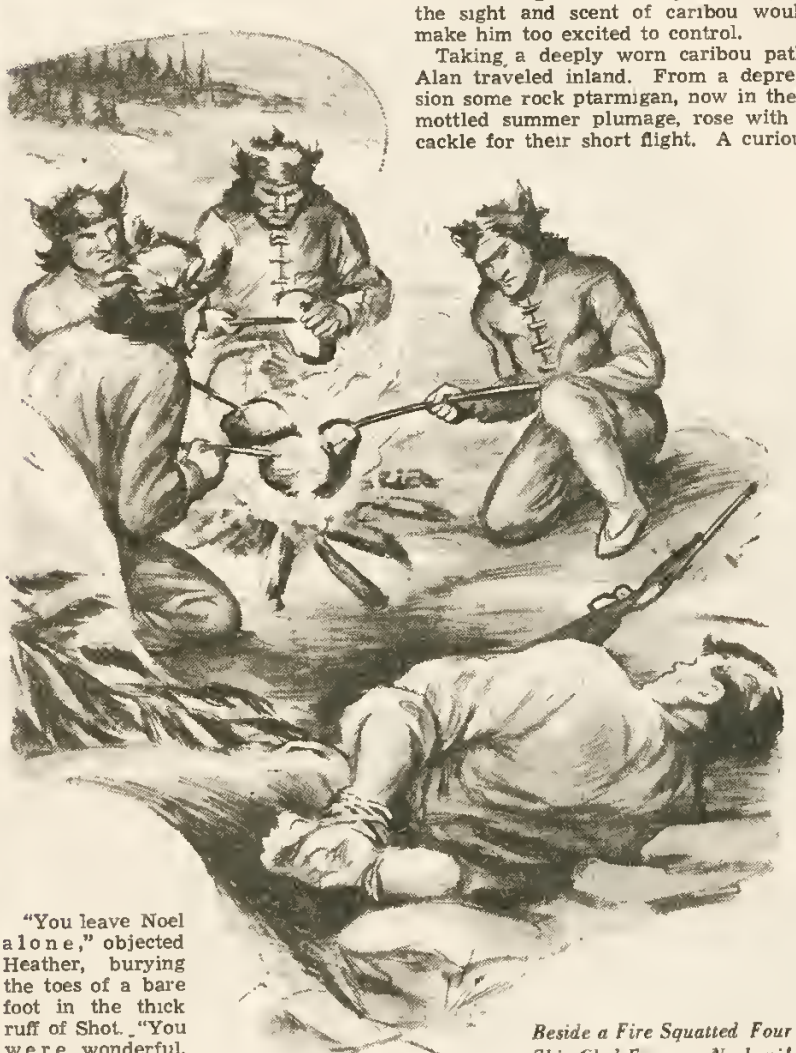
the war without a scratch and was shot accidentally by his wife."

"Well, we lost those Naskapi, anyway," commented John.

"Plentee more een dis countree," mumbled Noel, turning his duffle foot cloths on the drying thong.

"But we haven't struck those spirits you were telling us about yet," teased Alan.

"Plentee tam for dat, you see."



Beside a Fire Squatted Four Skin-Clad Figures. Naskapi!

"You leave Noel alone," objected Heather, burying the toes of a bare foot in the thick ruff of Shot. "You were wonderful, today, in those rapids, Noel. I was scared to death but you never seemed to hesitate. You knew just where the channels were."

Noel's lean face lit with pride. "De spirit tell me how to run dose rapids," be answered with a wide smile.

Alan suddenly turned to McCord. "You realize we haven't seen a deer since we started down the river? They may not be crossing the river up here by those old trails we've been passing. I think we ought to start to lay in a supply of smoked meat."

"I agree with you," said McCord. "Aleck Drummond struck the migration. If we miss it while we're panning those sands it's going to be short rations before we reach the lake again."

So, on the following morning, it was decided that Noel should hunt the barrens across the river and Alan take the country behind the camp. Certain that they had put at least 40 miles between themselves and the hills where they had seen the signal smoke, they felt reasonably safe in separating to hunt. Leaving the spruce and tamarack scrub of the sheltered valley Alan, with Rough at heel, where he had been trained to follow at command, came out on the shoulder of the barren. Here Alan hitched Rough to a tree by a thong, for the sight and scent of caribou would make him too excited to control.

Taking a deeply worn caribou path, Alan traveled inland. From a depression some rock ptarmigan, now in their mottled summer plumage, rose with a cackle for their short flight. A curious arctic fox watched him for a space from a rise, shortly to disappear. From a lift in the barren he saw what he had come for. Four caribou stood in the breeze of a neighboring hill. Below them, feeding on low deerbush, were three others. Sweeping the country with his glasses, Alan saw scattered groups. They were the last stragglers of the migration drifting north to spend the summer on the cool barrens away from the fly pest.

Alan circled to bring his stalk of the feeding deer directly up wind and make a careful approach behind some lichen-covered boulders. He was within short rifle shot, when the deer became excited. They bunched, and two young bucks began to dance and rear.

Firing rapidly before they disappeared over the rise, the surprised hunter brought down two of the stampeded caribou. As he approached the deer, his eyes swept the tundra to windward but he saw only an empty reach of boulder-strewn barren, gray with caribou moss.

He unwound the leather tump-line from his waist, and rapidly skinned the two deer. When the best of the meat was rolled in a hide and lashed with his line, Alan followed the deer path over which he had come, back into a small swale where, sheltered from the wind, stunted spruce and deer bush fought for life.

As he reached a huge lichen-covered boulder, he heard a noise behind him. Pivoting, with a side throw of his head, he freed his back of the heavy load to take a stunning blow on the forehead—followed by another. His gun slipped from nerveless fingers as the light slowly faded. He lurched forward, stumbled a few steps, then crumpled on the deer path.

The chatter of strange, high-pitched voices greeted his returning consciousness. Somebody talking—Indians. The whining voices again reached his ears as he lay dazed on the moss. Not Montagnais but like it—this talk. Who were these people? What was the matter, anyway?

Then to the partly stunned hunter came the slow realization of what had happened. He'd been struck from behind. He was lying on his arms. They ached and he endeavored to move them, but they were tied behind his back. His feet, also, were fastened with deer thongs. Rapidly, now, his senses became more acute. He rolled on his side and squinted in the direction of the voices. Beside a fire squatted four skin-clad figures. Naskapi!

Alan's numbed brain cleared rapidly as he watched the Indians roasting great chunks of the meat he had shot. They looked like no Indians he had ever seen. They were dressed in deer skin from head to foot and their long coarse hair was chopped off at their shoulders. On their heads were grotesque deer-skin caps, in their belts skinning knives. Furtive slits of eyes were set deeply in swart, high-cheek-boned faces, lean and feral. The Caribou People! He had been caught hunting in their country. The tales of the old men of the Montagnais flashed through his consciousness. No man had ever returned from the land of the Naskapi.

In a surge of desperation, Alan strained at the thongs binding his wrists behind his back, but the pain that split his head at the effort stopped him. He managed to change to a sitting position and somewhat lessen the torture from the mosquitoes which swarmed about him. The eldest of the four Indians, roasting meat on sticks, turned to him with a snarl:

"Your head is hard, white man!" he exclaimed, in a peculiar shrill voice.

Alan, who spoke Montagnais fluently, thrilled to the realization that he understood the Indian, for the tongues are similar.

"Where do you come from? No strangers hunt in the land of the Naskapi," the Indian continued, while one of the

younger men rose and picked up Alan's 30-30 which lay almost within his reach. As he did so, he spat at the man who sat on the moss with hands lashed behind his back.

"I pass through your country," Alan answered, in Montagnais. "I was hungry and needed meat."

"You go to the Fort near the Big Water, in the country of the Raw Meat Eaters—the Huskies?"

"Yes."

"You will not see the fort by the Big Water. You will feed the ravens and the foxes!" cried the older man fiercely, his small, evil eyes glittering, as he scowled at his prisoner.

When Alan's brain became clearer and his strength returned, he started some rapid thinking. The four Indians who had ambushed him were lean and hard but lacked weight and power. If he had half a chance, if he could once get his hands free and reach them before they shot him down, he would show these wild Naskapi how a white man could fight for his life, one against four.

"Many moons ago," went on the leader of the Indians, "white men come down this river. The Husky call it Koksoak, Big River. The Naskapi call it the River of the Naskapi. The white men fed the foxes."

Suddenly Alan had an inspiration. "The River of Skulls," he suddenly asked, "is it far?"

The mink-like eyes of the four Naskapi met in looks of stark terror. Their dark faces went gray. Alan watched the hands of one holding a chunk of roasted meat shake as he dropped the meat into the fire.

"You seek the River of Skulls?" he cried shrilly.

"Yes," cried Alan, blindly following up his advantage. "I go to talk with Matchi Monitou. I am white shaman. This summer the spirits make medicine at the River of Skulls."

The Naskapi instinctively started and moved back as if fearing the man on the ground would at once set in motion some supernatural power.

"A shaman!" gasped one of the younger men. "He says he goes to talk with the spirits at the River of Skulls."

"Why," leered the leader, "if you are a talker with spirits, did you fall when we bit you? Why did you go to sleep?"

"When I slept, I talked with spirits," countered Alan, playing for time while he worked the blood into his bands behind his back. "They are angry with the Naskapi."

But the Indians were gradually shaking off the panic into which they had been thrown.

"Oh Shaman," one cried, "show us you are a jessikid—a maker of medicine. White men do not talk with the spirits of the Indian."

"Loose my hands and feet and I will show you."

"If you are a talker with spirits you will break the thongs!" derided the leader, but Alan saw they were ill at ease. If he could only keep them uncertain of what to do—only gain a little more time—while he worked at the thongs on his swollen wrists!

The Naskapi withdrew beyond earshot and argued excitedly. While they ceased to watch him, he sucked in long breaths



Heather Insisted on Redressing the Cuts and Putting a Bandage on Cameron's Bruised and Swollen Head

and with all the strength of his arms and shoulders strained at the deer thongs binding his wrists. Slowly he felt them ease.

The four men, evidently decided on their course, returned. Rapidly they trimmed with their knives a stunted spruce standing near to a height of six feet above the ground. Then they gathered a pile of dry twigs and branches. What was the meaning of this move? Alan wondered. In the meantime, the thongs holding his aching arms were stretching. The circulation was flowing in his hands and their strength had returned. He moved his toes and feet. They were all right.

Then his twisting right hand contacted something hard in the hip pocket below his belt. His jack-knife! But what was the idea of the trimmed spruce—the fire wood? Then the realization of the sinister purpose of the Naskapi reached the bound man who watched them. They were taking him at his word—had decided to test his powers as a sorcerer. His claims were to be put to the proof—by fire.

As the Indians collected dried wood and brought it to the trimmed spruce, Alan's thoughts wandered west to the coast and to the girl who had put him out of her life. After all, of what avail had been his loyalty to John McCord? It had lost him Berthe and brought him here, into the heart of Ungava, to a miserable end. Berthe would never even know how he had died. What would happen to Rough? Would he starve at the tree, or would they find him later?

And Heather! In his inner consciousness Cameron had long sensed her secret devotion, but had put it from his thoughts. Now that he faced the stark evidence of the trimmed spruce and the heap of firewood, his heart suddenly softened at the thought of the gallant girl who had shared their hardships without a murmur.

The Indians were approaching him. To Alan's surprise, the leader bent and cut the thongs binding his feet, keeping his small eyes averted. "Rise, sorceror, and stand by the spruce. If you speak with a double tongue, the fire will eat you. If you are a friend of spirits, it will not burn you!"

A surge of hope speeded his heart, as Alan scrambled to his feet and stretched his cramped legs. But his hopes suddenly fell when he reached the spruce and one of the Indians wound a deer thong twice around his neck and made him fast to the tree.

"If your medicine is strong, the fire will not burn! Make your magic, oh Shaman!"

Instead of lifting a burning ember from the cooking fire and starting the kindlings at Alan's feet, the young Indian took the flint, steel and dry moss tinder from his fire-bag, struck the flint with the steel, sending a spark into the tinder held in his cupped hands, which he blew into a flame and placed under the shredded bark and kindlings.

Alan looked long at the sun—his last sun. His tormented eyes, now swollen almost shut, dropped to the barrens toward the river and back to the caribou path he had followed from the fringe of the timber. Then his heart checked, to leap wildly as the blood pounded in his

Continued on Page 26

Home for the Holidays

DOUGLAS NEWTON

Romance and Tense Drama Ride a Plane Over China

NOT by as much as a sign did John Wyke show what he felt, yet those standing on the landing apron knew that at last he had realized why Thirza had so strangely changed her mind about going home for Christmas.

A husband, particularly the middle-aged husband of a young wife, is usually the last to know of her straying affections—even in so small a station as Chu-khen; but now her sudden change of plan in combination with the figure of Max Scaria on his wheeled chair, to say nothing of Lorna Hare's malicious smirk, told him in a flash what the settlement had known for weeks.

Perhaps it was a grayness under his tan, a something in his eyes that made little Mrs. Stamper, who knew him so well, breathe shakily:

"The little beast to expose him like this, in front of us all."

"Oh, I don't know," muttered Major Stamper. "I don't think she quite realizes things herself yet."

That might be true; there was something clear and straight about Thirza Wyke that seemed to place her outside meanness. It might be only a form of deception but it appeared real enough to make most people like her; except, of course, Lorna Hare, who jeered:

"Rot! She knows she's in love with Max, and nothing else matters to her. Why else did she persuade John to postpone his leave until the spring, though he'd set his heart on showing her off to his family at their Christmas reunion? Because Max wasn't due to go home until the spring. Why did she give way to John at last? Because Max broke his silly shins in that motor smash, and the doctor ordered him home at once . . ."

"And poor old John is sure she made the sacrifice for him," Tom Delano said.

"Was!" Lorna sneered, looking at John Wyke's still, grave face. "He knows now. Well, there's no fool like an old fool—any man who marries a feather-brain half his own age ought to know what's coming to him!"

THEY could understand and discount Lorna's anger. There had always been the chance of John Wyke looking her way, before Thirza came on the scene. All the same, there was some truth in what she said. John Wyke, who had been a quiet and steady-going bachelor until Thirza had appeared like a bright, wild elemental thing from out the China backlands with her dying, harum-scarum explorer father, had been unwise to forget that sober forty should not marry youthful nineteen, however enchanting.

It was merely asking for trouble once youth, especially in the shape of Max Scaria, appeared on the scene. Max Scaria was nothing at all beside John Wyke; a mere, inconsequential junior employe of Mid-China Lubricants, and none too secure at that, against the position, power, and solid fortune of a district political officer. But Max had youth, vivacity, and strength, a dashing manner and quite outrageous good looks. How could solid 40 compete?

Those who watched knew he was conscious of that tragedy of ages as he walked to Max's chair. Max was dark, vivid, and brilliant even as a cripple and beside him John Wyke looked dry, stiff, and sapless. Yet whatever he felt John Wyke played the game according to his lights. He was calm and friendly to the boy: whatever crashed inside him he had not only to save his own "face" before the crowd, but Thirza's. It was the little he could do.

"A lot of the great gentleman about old John," Maj. Stamper murmured

"Does that count with her—or Max?" Lorna jibed. "Look how they gloat over each other. All she thinks of now is that she won't be separated from him."

"Yes," Mrs. Stamper sighed, even against her affection for John. "There was always a queer honesty about her."

"And she's a darn good looker," Tom Delano said, watching the radiant and golden girl who was John Wyke's wife. "Never saw her looking prettier."

"That's what called the love light in her eyes," Lorna mocked.

Perhaps John Wyke was thinking that too. He was watching his wife; not staring but studying her quietly; wondering, maybe, why he had never been able to call up just that loveliness in her. But it didn't make him bitter, only more protective. He saw that she was at the mercy of her emotions and inclined to expose herself too heedlessly to eyes such as Lorna's.

He joined her as she helped the Chinese ground-staff lift Max into the plane and settle him into his extended chair at the rear. He even said quietly in the face of Lorna's snigger.

"You've given her the chance of her life, Max. She's never happy unless she's mothering some one."

Thirza's mothering was nothing to the way John Wyke fathered her. In his quiet, sure way he saw to it they got seats at the rear. It meant that Thirza had the last chair across the aisle from Max, and that he himself must sit with his back to her in the chair abaad—but at least he cut her off from the greedy ears and eyes of Lorna.



"There's No Need to Endanger the Plane," Thirza Said Quietly. "I'll Stay"

That was all that mattered to John. He could still guard the woman he loved, even when he meant nothing to her. That was his type. He was one of the quiet, one-woman men, who having met his woman late in life, took it even harder than others of his kind.

Max watched his maneuvering with wary, furtive eyes that presently began to smirk. He wasn't the type to understand the real significance of John Wyke's action; in fact he thought it only middle-aged complacency. Max was young, too, very young; younger than Thirza in mind, if not in years. She, at least, had been trained in the hard experience of exploration, while he had only lived on the easy triumphs of his good looks. She could never do anything but respect John Wyke, but Max was only contemptuous of all husbands. Here, he saw, was just another old fool too sure of himself—he'd show him.

WHEN the uproar of the motors helped the awkwardness of the seating arrangements and cut them off in a

world of their own, Max made the best possible use of his eyes and hands behind John Wyke's back. He was a master of such clandestine parlor tricks, but also today Thirza was in a melting mood.

Since that day in the private ward of the hospital when the shock of his accident had driven Thirza into his arms, she was sure she loved Max. Her native honesty had made her want to tell John at once, but Max was against it.

Not until they were back in England and he could look after her, must they declare themselves, he insisted; painting a lurid picture of what a hell a small China station might be to them before they could escape. She was ready to face that, but had given way to him because, after all, Max was bound to Chu-khen until spring by his need of making a living. But now she saw release and honesty very close and could relax toward Max.

For her, at least, their journey was a flight toward Paradise. She was in a happy dream even when they made the lonely night halt at the snow-dusted 'drome at Kangehow. She did not notice the growing cold, nor the inconvenience that crowded them on top of one another in the one small mess room. She only dragged her eyes from Max when her husband touched her after the evening meal, and said for the second time:

"Well, what do you say, Thirza?"

She looked up to find Grantrix, their pilot, staring at her with puzzled eyes and Lorna's face a mocking smile, which grew and grew as she stammered that she had not been listening. She wished Max would annihilate the woman with one of his quick, witty remarks, but it was her husband who covered her embarrassment by saying, in his easy, even voice:

"As Grantrix says, it's for us to decide. Radio reports make it certain that bad weather is working from the west, blizzards and hard frost, you know. That makes the usual route over the Tsingken hills too dangerous to risk. But by swinging east over the Wu-tu plain, we might just skirt round the edge before it arrives. It will take a bit longer, but it will save us being held up for perhaps a week. On the other hand——"

"Oh, but we must go east rather than risk delay," Thirza said, thinking only of reaching home with Max.

"Wu-tu — that's where Loy's bloodthirsty crew is fighting," Max Scaria put in so edgily that the Major on his other side whispered: "Fool—remember the women!"

John Wyke even covered up Max's slip, he went on quietly:

"That's the point. Loy's bandits overrun the Wu-tu plain, and they're not pretty fellows. They must be considered as a danger. On the other hand, Grantrix says there's not much risk as they've nothing to touch us while we're in the air."

"I've been to and fro over the Wu-tu pretty often in the last six months without being hurt. I prefer it. Better flying conditions." Grantrix told them laconically.

"Yes, all right while we're in the air. But what if we come down? They've a terrible name, Loy's lot," Max began so shrilly that even Thirza looked at him in surprise. He saw it and added, "I mean, with ladies aboard, have we the right to take such risks?"

"I've accepted it already," Mrs. Stamper said. "I think the danger remote, and I don't want to lose the connection and miss my Christmas at home."

"And I," said Lorna Hare to their surprise, for she had hesitated, but the look she directed at Thirza and Max showed the source of her courage.



"Sorry to Butt In, but if You Want to Get Home by Christmas, the Plane——"

"There it is, then. The sooner we're home, the better," laughed Thirza, but she turned not toward her husband, but to Max, her radiant face saying as plainly as words: "It was sweet of you to think of my safety, but there's something far sweeter waiting for us at home that makes any risk worth while."

MAX choked back further objections in the face of that look, but he became sulky, and soon made the excuse that the cold was getting at his crippled legs, and retired to his cubicle. The others took his cue and turned in early too, except John Wyke.

Ethel Stamper found him alone and writing at the table when she stole out an hour or so later. Ethel Stamper had been John Wyke's loyalest friend for years. She, better than the others, knew what he must be feeling and had come to try to help, but the sight of what he was writing startled her.

"Last will and testament, John! You think tomorrow's going to be as dangerous as that?"

"No," he smiled. "Just taking common sense precautions. But I'm glad you came out, Ethel. I want you to warn Bob that I need him and you to witness my signature, quietly, before we leave. I'm leaving this here to be forwarded."

"But," she frowned, remembering, "we witnessed your will just after your marriage. Won't that——"

"Circumstances have altered a bit," he said quietly.

"Max Scaria?" she said, but as he did not answer she went on, "John, you're changing your will so that she'll not suffer if she marries that penniless young scalawag?"

He merely said: "You won't object to witnessing again, Ethel? I rather count on you and Bob."

"And if nothing happens," she demanded, "and we reach England safely?"

"Why, then we've worried for nothing," he smiled. "But I'll still be immensely grateful."

She saw that he meant to protect Thirza even against her and said deliberately:

"That means you're going to settle money on her to make things smooth for her and Max? Yes, I see it is. Is there need for such heroics——"

"I think not," he smiled ruefully. "It's you who are trying to force them upon me, Ethel. I'm just trying to be ordinarily decent."

"To a girl who hasn't the sense——"

"Please Ethel," he said quietly. "Don't get me or her wrong. This isn't her fault! she can't fight against nature . . . The situation was never really fair to her, she's so very young, has met so few men of her age and kind . . . and I've always known I'm not that kind—my age and gravity and the rest, you know. I'm—I'm against nature."

"But she married you, John. Her own choice."

"Was it? Had she any, when lonely, penniless, stranded in a hostile land and terrified as to what was to become of her, I made the most of her panic for my own desire. I stood for security . . ."

"You mean you knew she never did love you?" gasped Ethel Stamper.

"No, don't misjudge her," John Wyke said quietly. "I think she thought she loved me—she liked me, she was immensely grateful. Her feelings were genuine enough. But how was she to know the difference between that and the real thing? She never had a chance to find out until she met Max."

"But Max," she burst out indignantly. "He's a young ne'er-do-well, and, from the sound of him just now, he's one of those flashy youngsters who're all gallery play and no pluck——"

"Does that matter to a girl like Thirza?" John Wyke sighed. "You know it won't if Thirza really loves him, as I think she does. After all, he's a good-looking, healthy fellow, and youth

to her youth. If he's a bit edgy, why most of his generation are, and he has reason enough because of his accident. I don't think there's anything really wrong with him——"

"Not beyond a taste for wife-stealing," Ethel said tartly. "Are you excusing him as well as her?"

"Perhaps only excusing myself," he said quietly. "After all, it is I who cheated her out of youth — used her predicament to win her. I owe her some reparation for that, for she has been wonderful, my dear——"

"You're — you're impossible, John," Ethel Stamper said shakily, squeezing his shoulder. "But it's so very like you."

"One just must play fair, that's all," he smiled. "And you'll talk to Bob?"

She talked to the major, who swore affectionately that John Wyke was a fool, but signed without fuss. But it left neither in the mood to endure Max's querulous objections against starting, and it was undoubtedly the shortness with which the major shut him up that got him sulkily aboard the plane.

MAX did not forget that when Grantrix passed a note back through the cockpit window:

> Struck colder slant. Ice forming on wings. Hard to keep her up. May have to land!

Max told them vehemently and often that he had foreseen something like this; that he'd been against taking the risk; that he at least was not responsible for what was coming to them. He made the most of the silence while Grantrix was planing downward in the hope of finding a warmer level, and there was that in his voice that made the men glad for their manhood's sake when the engine roared out again and smothered his railings.

Not that there was no reason for fear. For the last half hour they had been flying over the Wu-tu plain, and the many puffs of rifle smok that broke out beneath them told plainly what they had to expect from Loy's ruffians if they made a forced landing. Grantrix knew this well enough. He was doing his best to coax speed and altitude from his bus, yet already he knew it was hopeless.

Presently he stopped wrestling with his controls, studied the snowy country beneath, wrote:

> Won't lift. Steadily losing height. Know isolated place where ice might be cleared before anybody got to us. Are you willing to land? Landing bit risky in this snow, though.

The major sitting next the cockpit collected a yes; Max began to protest, but the major ignored him, and taking the nods of the others signaled agreement to Grantrix.

The landing was risky. With snow blinding the surface it was nobody's fault that they struck bidden rock and smashed their undercarriage. Grantrix with immense skill saved them from anything more than a shaking, yet the position was a disaster—and Max Scaria lost no time in mentioning it.

"You can thank your stars — and Grantrix, that you've come through without a broken neck," the major rapped. "It's an infernal landing."

"I don't have to thank anybody," Max shrilled. "I was dead against starting. Now we're helpless, and Loy's torturers——".

"We're immensely beholden to you, Grantrix," John Wyke's calm voice smothered Max's. "What next?"

"Not so bad," the pilot said, with forced cheerfulness. "I've had the Sen-tze 'drome on radio for the last 20 minutes. They know exactly where we are. They're sending a relief."

"Good work," John Wyke nodded. "How long?"

"An hour and a bit, say," Grantrix said with a warning flick of his eyes toward the women.

"Meanwhile, Loy's brutes get us," Max muttered.

"Not so swiftly," Grantrix's grin was pale. "We're three hours foot-slog from the nearest bunch. That's why I picked this place."

"So the relief plane will get here first," John Wyke said, watching the pilot's face. "Good! But it'd be wise to make sure of a better landing for him—I mean mark the snow, don't you think? I thought so. . . . No, Thirza, leave this to us. It'll be warmer for you ladies if you stay in the plane."

"THANK you, sir," Grantrix said, when the men were well away from the machine. "I was wondering how I could get you all alone."

"I saw there was something," John Wyke said. "What is it?"

"It's the relief plane," Grantrix hesitated.

"She won't really get here in time?" Tom Delano asked.

"Oh, in time—just about," the pilot said. "But it'll take more than two hours coming. That's why . . . I mean, I didn't want to scare the ladies . . ."

They nodded understanding. The major said: "Something worse than that, eh?"

"The plane—it's only a three seater," Grantrix said. "They've nothing else. One extra might be huddled on the floor, but that'll be her carrying limit—four and the pilot."

They stood in silence. No need to labor the point; they were eight all told, and three were women. There was only chance for one man among them; John Wyke said calmly:

"And she'll take more than two hours to carry the ladies back to Sen-tze, say four to five hours before she can return for us?" Grantrix nodded. "And no chance of another relief meanwhile?"

"Not a hope," the pilot said. "It's just one of those things. I'm infernally sorry I let you——"

"You're not responsible," John Wyke said. "You put the risks fairly before us. We all took them."

"Thank you, Mr. Wyke," Grantrix said. "And—er—I asked them to send guns for all of us."

"I say," Tom Delano jerked. "Isn't that dangerous—I mean to resist?"

"Loy's brutes don't give any other chances," Grantrix said and looked at the major and John Wyke. They nodded, and the major said: "It's the only thing left to us. We might even hold 'em off long enough for the relief to reach us."

"Then the only thing to decide is about that fourth possible," Grantrix said after a pause. "I mean the three ladies go, but who else?"

Tom Delano, who was a bachelor said thickly: "No question about that, surely, it lies between the married men."

"No, I don't figure," the major said. "Since there's going to be fighting I naturally stop; it's my job."

"There's no question at all," John Wyke put in evenly. "Scaria goes, he's crippled."

"He'll be cumbersome in so small a plane," Grantrix objected.

"Can't be helped. He's helpless," John Wyke said. "He'll be at an unfair advantage if it comes to a scrap, anyhow."

"I don't agree there, sir," the pilot said. "He could use a rifle, and I know he's a good shot. And if you don't mind my saying so, sir, you're of greater importance. I feel if it's anybody it should be you."

He meant that genuinely, even if he did feel personally that Max Scaria wasn't worth rescuing at any man's expense. John Wyke's work, position, and reputation among the Chinese made saving him almost a duty.

"I quite agree with Grantrix," Maj. Stamper said. "If one man is to be saved, John Wyke's life is the most valuable."

Even Delano was with them. John Wyke had only to agree to go with Thirza and they would hold that he acted rightly and think no worse of him. But that wasn't John Wyke's way of thinking.

"No, I stay. There's really no two ways to it. The boy's injured, and casualties must be cleared first. Besides I couldn't think of it."

"Max won't find it so hard," Delano muttered, but John Wyke did not hear him. He was thinking that this was as good a way as any out of poor Thirza's tangle.

DELANO was right. The longer the rescuing plane delayed beyond the time set by Grantrix's diplomatic lie, the more ragged Max Scaria's nerves grew, and they broke unrestrainedly when she did appear.

"God!" he shrilled, "we're done. She's only a three-seater."

"Shut up," Delano snapped. "She'll carry four at a pinch—and you go."

Tom Delano was in no pleasant mood and his venom broke through even Max's panic. He blinked half in hope, half in suspicion.

"More tricks, eh? You fixed things up between you out there, I know you, you're all against me because of her," he muttered shooting a glance at Thirza.

"You little sweep," Delano exploded. "If I had my way—but I hadn't. You've John Wyke to thank for saving your precious neck—that and your own fool-got hurts."

All Max heard were the last words: "Of course I'm hurt, helpless," he cried. "Naturally I must be given first chance."

He said that again when, carried to the rescuing plane, its boy pilot looked him over and said: "You're going to be awkward carrying."

The boy gaped at the way Max shrilled back at that. He'd just watched Ethel Stamper kiss her husband and quietly enter his plane; there had been

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FANNIE FERBER FOX

THE Lion's Share

A GOOD ACTRESS MAY ALWAYS BE DEPENDED UPON TO CARRY OFF A PART

AMY and Henry Grover were at dinner. But it was listlessly and without appreciation that they ate of the beautifully broiled chops, the stuffed baked potatoes, sprinkled with paprika and pooled with butter, the narrow parsleyed green beans, and the crisp romaine. But it was when they actually pushed aside, untasted, their favorite peach upside-down cake that Bella, having finished with waiting on them, closed the pantry door, with loud firmness.

Then Amy reached her plump, silk-clad arm across the table and laid her hand upon his thin, veined one. "Don't worry so, darling. They wouldn't put you out now, after all these years. "Why, you've been with Longwell Valves ever since—why, you're—you're a part of the plant. You've helped to make it grow. Silly," she said fondly, but looking at him with anxiety, "you know they're our friends."

Henry's beloved after-dinner coffee grew cold in his cup. He placed his other hand over hers. "My dear girl, I've tried to tell you how things are, but you won't see. When it comes to a matter of business these days, friendship means just—that." He snapped his fingers. "It's every man for himself. And you can't blame them. They can't keep George from putting a younger man in my place, you know." He turned sidewise in his chair and swung one lean leg over the other. "Sure. I've worked with George for—20 years now. He didn't know a valve from a screw-driver. I've worked with him and for him——" He drew a long breath. "I had an idea I'd be there—I thought I was sitting pretty." He gave a short, angry laugh.

Her hand tightened in his. But, Henry, what makes you think that anything's changed, dear?"

"Think!" he said, "think! Outside of the fact that we haven't lunched together for the last two weeks—and it used to be a regularly understood thing—not that I've always wanted to—but his manner has been so peculiar when he has been with me. And he's been doing a lot of talking, with me sitting there—about the young men who are the backbone of the country today—up and coming young blood—you know how he can hold forth—a big bag of——"

"Now, now, don't be vulgar, darling," she said, patting him.

Absently, "All right, hon," he answered. Then: "Good Lord, if he feels that I'm not worth the few thousands he's been handing me, why"—a shrug and a hand out-thrown—"that's that."

Amy was silent. Then she said: "The thing I can't understand, unless you're wrong, is that it isn't like him to make one single, solitary move without Lucy back of it. You know that. It's her plant. It was her money, and you know as well as I do that she never lets him forget it, either."

Henry's fist hit the table. "Of course, she's back of it, the old lion-hunter. You know, Amy, I never said this before, because heaven knows you're the sweetest thing in the world——" he lifted her hand to his lips, and her face flushed in a lovely way—"but you want to know what I think? One great big reason that's made them so friendly and kept me on at the works long after he may have thought I'd grown stale is—because you're Estelle's sister."

"Henry!"

"Listen, dear, Estelle's the most talked-of actress on the stage today, isn't she? Conceded to be the greatest. You know that Lucy Longwell's nutty about people like that, big people, isn't she? Don't you suppose Estelle knows? She's awfully smart, that sister of yours. Why d'you suppose she's so darn nice to them when they get to New York? Why, they bore her stiff. And why d'you think she bothers? I'll tell you. It's because she knows that it helps to keep us solid with Lucy and George. She knows it's beer and skittles for Lucy to come back here to Chicago and tell everybody about being with Estelle in New York. She makes people think they're buddies. In her dressing room. Tea at her place. All the people you read about dropping in."

Amy's smooth forehead, beneath her softly graying hair, puckered and she said, slowly: "I'm going to——"

"Now, Amy, none of that. Don't you dare to go to Lucy about this. That I couldn't stand. Maybe I'm just nervous. Maybe you're right. It's—it's just his manner lately. And she hasn't been so darn nice to you, either," he said indignantly.

"I know," she agreed. "I know. But she really is fond of me, Henry. I really think she is. She has been sort of—it's just since she got back from New York a couple of wee——" She sprang up suddenly, eyes, mouth, hands, all enlightened conviction, "Henry! Henry Grover! You're right! You're absolutely right!"



She Graciously Acknowledged the Faltering Introductions. "Sit Down. Sit Down," She Said

"Right? About what, dear?"

"What you said. Henry, it is Estelle. Henry, Lucy is simply wild and she's taking it out on us." Her head bobbed with excitement.

Henry's face expressed complete bewilderment.

"Henry," she went on. "It's that as sure as I'm standing here. You remember when Estelle had that grand party for the Lynns, Albert and Floraine Lynn? Before they went to London and played in 'Rendezvous in Paris'?"

"Yes, but what——"

"Now wait." Amy raised an emphatic forefinger. "Lucy and George were in New York then. Lucy's simply wild, you know the way she goes on, about both of them, and simply runs to see them in everything. She's been dying to know them, to be able to say she's talked to them, even if it's just a bow-do-you-do, you know. Well, anyway, Estelle had that party while they were in New York, and the papers had it, and of course she was crazy to go. She had called Estelle and written her and

sent her some flowers, so she knew they were in town all right. There was no earthly reason why Estelle should have asked them—but there you are." She stood back from him triumphant. "It's just as clear now. She's been ragging George about it ever since they got back. Oh, Lordy!"

Henry folded his napkin, snuffed out the candles, and with his arm about her, left the dining room. "Come on, old girl, let's forget it. If the worst comes——"

"If the worst——" she repeated, looking up at him with love and fear for him in her eyes. "But what could you do, Henry? You're nearly 60, darling. We've been so careful and Estelle's been more than generous to us, but——"

The telephone rang as they passed it in the hall. Amy cleared the tears from her throat and answered blithely. "Yes? . . . Hello, Lucy. We were just talking of you and George and how we hadn't—— . . . What's that . . . Why, we'd simply love to! . . . Oh, that's too bad. But if she had to bave a cold, I'm glad she had it tonight . . . No, no, I was only joking, Lucy. I mean, their loss is our gain, isn't it? Yes—Let—me—see. It's half past seven now. Ye—es, lots of time. We'll be ready. Thanks so much, Lucy."

Henry, stretched out comfortably upon the living room couch, before the little log fire, turned at Amy's "Guess what!" Her hands were clasped ecstatically. Her round, kind face was glowing. "She wants us—that was Lucy—she wants us to go to the opening of the new Harris tonight—it's all been done over, you know. And it's the Lynns, Henry. Isn't that funny? I'd forgotten when we were talking of them right now. It's a revival of them in 'Rendezvous in Paris.' I don't know why Lucy asked us when they're so angry, but the McGoverns have seats with them for the season and Mrs. McGovern has a terrible cold and so—I'll hurry. I'll wear my black lace, you go and get your things out, Henry. I'm so pleased. I haven't been to the theater for ages. I saw them in New York where he was a soldier and he didn't know his wife, and this one they've been playing in Europe and they're going to play in one that Leon Howard wrote for them, Estelle says. They always have simply grand seats. Wasn't she nice to ask us?" And Amy bustled off happily. Henry followed slowly, thoughtfully, untying the cord of his dressing gown as he went.

LATER they went down the icy steps to the huge, black car which waited before the old apartment building, on Scott Street. Henry had asked Amy to wear her warm fur coat, but the old sealskin did not seem grand enough for tonight. Despite his disgusted protests, she had folded a short cape of black velvet, with a little shirred collar, over the black lace. "Henry, don't fuss so," she had said, gently; "this is so much dressier, and we'll be in a warm car all the way."

Their hostess was muffled to the very tip of a large, heavily powdered nose, in a garment for which hundreds of ermines and several sables had lain down their little lives. Upon a back seat she loomed like a snow mountain. Her husband, in a fur-lined great-coat, hat gleaming above and large white scarf billowing below his great, red face, balanced the car upon the little seat in front of Amy. The windows were open upon either side. "You don't mind the fresh air, I hope," said Mrs. Longwell, with a down glance at Amy's little wrap.

"Fresh air. Good for you, barked Mr. Longwell.

"Yes," chattered Amy, shaking. "It's real fresh."

"Too cold for Amy, though," said Henry. "D'you mind if I close this window?" And he proceeded to do so.

Amy, hurriedly: "It's wonderful to be going to see the Lynns again."

The snow mountain turned slowly and put its collar down as far as a first chin. "Yes. I knew you'd know them."

Amy murmured: "It's sweet of you, Lucy." Henry cleared his throat.

Mrs. Longwell said: "I hear that Estelle had a big party for them." A pause. "While we were there."

"Why, yes. I—I believe she did," faltered Amy.

Silence. Then, from Mrs. Longwell: "You know them well, don't you?"

"Oh, my yes," said Amy. "And she is so beautiful, Lucy. Off the stage, too, I mean. Not really beautiful, but she seems beautiful. I adore hearing her talk."

"Did you see them the last time you——"

"Ye—es, my yes. At luncheon and at the Casino and——"

"Here we are," boomed Mr. Longwell.

Their little parade to their seats, fourth row, center, on the aisle, was headed by Mrs. Longwell, billowing, majestic. Amy followed, the shirred velvet collar thrown back now, showing the lace dress and her pretty throat. Her blue eyes were bright and her cheeks pink. She tossed off little nods and smiles of recognition and happiness on the way, her anxieties forgotten.

Henry sat between the two women. Amy slid her arm under his, pressed closely to him, as George, on her left, overflowed the chair arms, with much creaking of starched linen and rustling of silken linings.

The men were out for a smoke during the first intermission, when Lucy's imperious forefinger summoned Amy to sit beside her.

"Wasn't that marvelous? Isn't she grand? I can hardly wait for the next act, when he comes in. Just think, they're married and awfully in love, too," chattered Amy enthusiastically.

Lucy asked: "Do they still go to Estelle's for supper?"

Amy laughed, gently reminiscent. "Goodness, yes. Often, after the theater. And Estelle goes to their house with them, too, and they have scrambled eggs and coffee and——"

"Have you ever been there?"

Amy admitted, with a manner of being very fair: "I've never been at their house, but I've been with them so many other times——" She gave a little, amused laugh. "He was so funny one time. He just insisted that my eyes were exactly like his sister Laura's. He said: 'Darling'—and he calls her Darling—'Darling, don't you think Estelle's sister's eyes are like Laura's?'"

The men came back, and the second act was on. The perfectly attuned two, in the gay and amusing scene in the royal suite of the old hotel, gave a flawless performance, to the very crooking of her little finger and the roll of his eyes. It was not the play alone. It was not even any tangible quality the two possessed. In some magic way she made every woman in the audience feel beautiful and seductive; he, by the vitality of his performance, made every man feel vital and romantic.

The curtain had scarcely descended upon the second act when Mrs. Longwell, again beckoning Amy, said: "I was thinking that Sunday would be best. I'll invite them for dinner on Sunday."

"Invite whom, Lucy?"

"The Lynns. I'll ask the Lynns and just few people for Sunday."

"But, Lucy, you don't—you haven't——" Amy was amazed.

"No, but you do," said Mrs. Longwell. "You take us back-stage afterward and introduce us. Then we'll ask them." Amy drew up the little wrap, suddenly chilled through. "Now just write a nice little note. Hurry up and I'll get one of the ushers to take it back before the next act. Here"—she rummaged in an enormous, glistening rhinestone and pearl bag—"here's a pencil. Just you say——"

"But I can't, Lucy," said Amy, shrinking in a panic. "I can't do that."

Mrs. Longwell drew herself up and back, in order to look down on little Amy. "You can't do what?" she asked in a terrible voice. "What do you mean, you can't do it? Do you mean to sit there, Amy Grover, and say you won't? Knowing them and everything, do you mean to sit there and refuse—refuse to introduce me—us—we, who——"

"Lucy, please." Amy was in an agony of embarrassment. She spoke in a low voice. "Lucy, I forgot to tell you. They—honestly, Lucy, you may not believe it, but they never accept invitations. They're funny that way. They're regular home bodies. The theater is all they care about and each other. They——"

MRS. LONGWELL looked fiercely down. "Did you or did you not just now tell me that they go to your sister's? And you're a friend. Now, look here, Amy," she began, as the men returned to their seats. She leaned across Henry to speak to her husband. "George, I just asked Amy here to do me a favor and she——"

The early evening's fear again engulfed Amy. "No-no-no, Lucy. I—You're— Of course. But I haven't a scrap to write on and now it's so late. The curtain'll——"

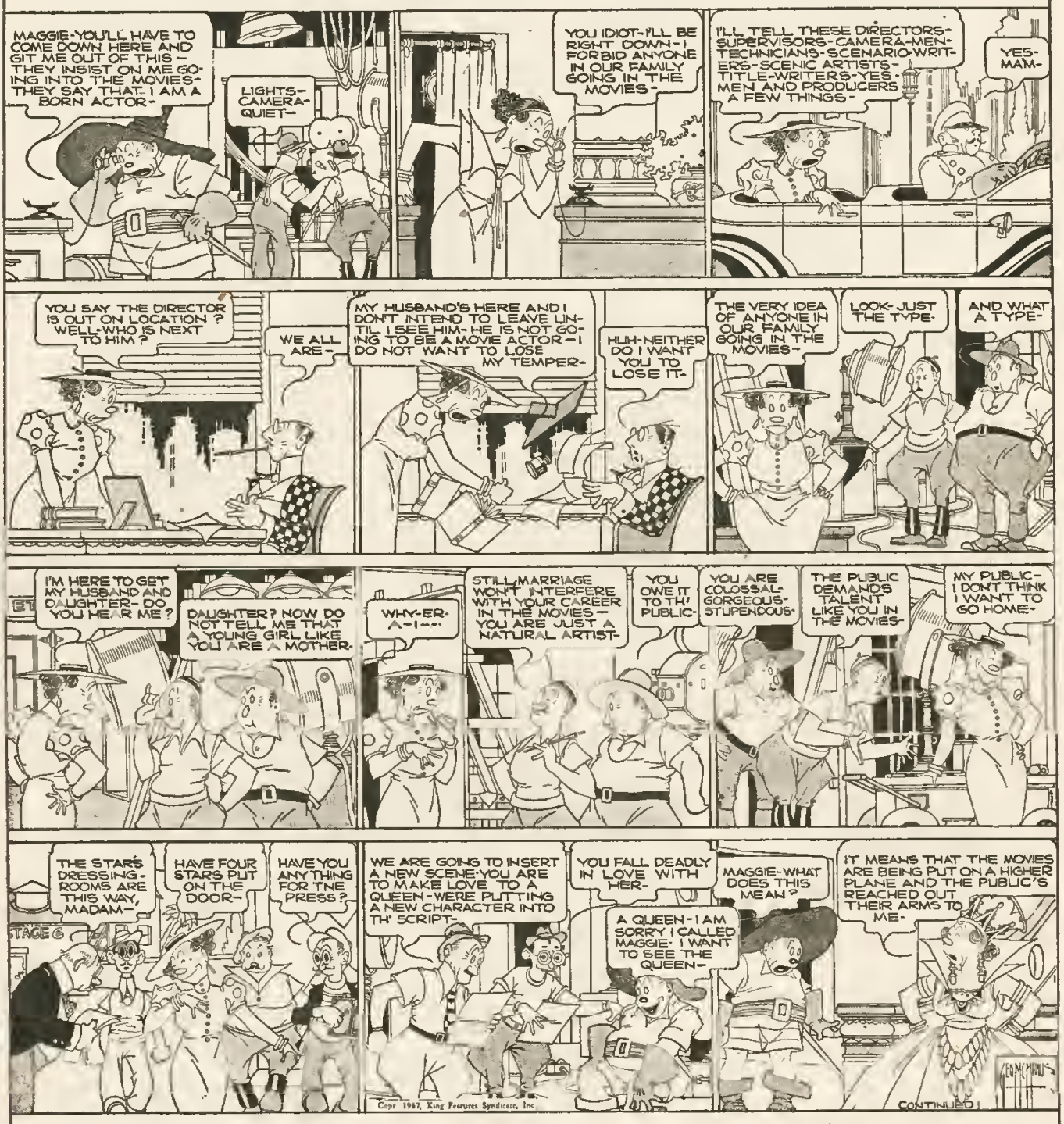
Mrs. Longwell leaned forward again. "George, quick. Give Amy a card. Here, usher. Usher! Give her a quarter, George. Hurry, Amy. What's taking you so long? Let me see what—all right, then. There. Here, girl. George, you tell her where to take it."

Amy was shaking from head to foot, as she sat back. Henry, his arm through hers, patted her hand gently. "Stop it, dear. Stop it," he whispered. He

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



ROSIE'S BEAU

By George McManus



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

By H. J. Tuthill



SHORT STORIES

By H. J. Tuthill



Poems NEW AND OLD FAVORITES

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee.
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee

Thy brother Death came and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Would'st thou me?"—And I replied,
"No, not thee."

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SILENCE

THERE *is a silence where hath been no sound,*
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox a wild hyena calls,
And owls that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan—
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

—THOMAS HOOD.

THE TORCH BEARER

HOLD high the torch; You did not light its glow;
'Twas given you from other hands, you know.
'Tis only yours to keep it burning bright,
Yours to pass on when you no more need light.
For there are little feet that you must guide,
And little forms go marching by your side;
Their eyes are watching every tear and smile,
And efforts that you think are not worth while
May sometimes be the very helps they need.
Actions to which their souls would give most heed,
So that in turn they'll lift it high and say,
"I watched my mother carry it this way."

If brighter paths should beckon you to choose,
Would your small gain compare with all you'd lose?
Then lift the torch; You did not light its glow,
'Twas given you from other hands you know.
I think it started down its pathway bright
The day the Maker said, "Let there be light."

—NELLIE B. BRADLEY.

COMPENSATION

WHEN my luck seems all out
And I'm down at the mouth,
When I'm stuck in the North,
And I want to go South;
When the world seems a blank
And there's no one I love,
And it seems even God's
Not in heaven above,
I've a cure for my grouch
And it works like a shot—
I just think of the things that I'm glad I am not:
A bird in a cage,
A fish in a bowl,
A pig in a pen,
A fox in a hole,
A bear in a pit,
A wolf in a trap,
A fowl on a spit,
A rug on a lap,
A horse in a stable,
A cow in a shed,
A plate on a table,
The sheet on a bed,
The case on a pillow,
A bell on a door,
A branch on a willow,
A mat on the floor.
When I think of the hundreds of things I might be,
I get down on my knees and thank God that I'm me.
Then my blues disappear, when I think what I've got,
And quite soon I've forgotten the things I have not.

—ELSIE JANIS.

WISHES

WHY do you wish for idle hours,
And all that money buys;
When evidence, that it does not
Bring peace, confronts your eyes?

We all know persons who have wealth;
And are they satisfied?
Or do they search—in vain—for joy,
And still feel sad inside?

To foreign lands and gay resorts
The year around they roam,
But wouldn't it be better if
They could find bliss at home?

I doubt real joy is found in wealth;
So—these would be my wishes.
To work—and play—with one I love,
And cook—and wash some dishes!

—LYLA MYERS.

A SPRING SONG

OH a glamorous thing is the advent of spring,
After the winter has went!
True, the cold did no harm, for my love kept me warm,
When my budget for coal was all spent.

But I sometimes got blue, romancing with you
In the snow and the slush and the sleet;
With the icy cold wind, getting under my skin
And the snow water freezing my feet.

Now the soft spring-time breeze, through the blossoming trees
Wafts de-lovely perfume to me.
And this heart of me pants for a romancy dance
On the beach at far Waikiki.

So lets me and you get a dreamland canoe
And hitch the towline to a star.
Then we'll float o'er the sea, in mad ecstasy,
Till we land on (or in) a Sandwich Isle bar.

—NORMAN I. SCHILLER.

THE SPHINX SPEAKS

CARVED *by a mighty race whose vanished hands*
Formed empires more destructible than I,
In sultry silence I forever lie,
Wrapped in the shifting garment of the sands.
Below me, Pharaoh's scintillating bands
With clashing of loud cymbals have passed by,
And the eternal reverence of the sky
Falls royally on me and all my lands.
The record of the future broods in me;
I have the worlds of blazing stars been crowned,
But none my subtle mystery hath known
Save one, who made his way through blood and sea,
The Corsican, prophetic and renowned,
To whom I spake, one awful night alone.

—FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—CELIA THAXTER.

"TO HOPE OVERMUCH IS AN ERROR"

LET tomorrow take care of tomorrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee,
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His Spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by foreboding deterred;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fears of what never occurred!

Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred,
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred!

—CHARLES SWAIN.

THE LIONS SHARE

Continued from Page 15

turned to George. "What d'you know about these women of ours? Sending notes backstage. Ten to one, she won't even read it."

Mr. Longwell cleared his throat with a great rasp and lifted his heavy chin above his collar. "I'm afraid, Grover," he said. "that you don't appreciate what the Longwell name stands for. We——"

The curtain was up. Amy saw notbing taking place upon the stage. Frantically she was going over and over the little message, scribbled with ber very beart at the pencil-point. "Please," it had said, "please do this for me. I'm Estelle's sister. Please let me bring her back for just a minute. I'm Estelle's sister." She had signed it "Amy Lormer Grover."

Sbe sat looking straight before her, with the tears, in the dark, rolling down her cbeeks and splashing upon the black lace. She was filled witb terror and pity for Henry, Darling Henry. Honest, splendid Henry. Contempt for herself. It served her right. Bragging like that. It was lying. That's what it was. Lying, not bragging. It was true, though, about her eyes. Albert Lynn did say they were like his sister's. But he was just being sweet, because of Estelle. He bad to say something to her. At the Casino, Estelle had had to introduce her all over again, when they stopped at the table.

She felt Henry's hand, which had been over hers, loosen as she bent from her, to catch what the usher was saying. Mrs. Longwell said, in a loud whisper: "What she say, George?"

Henry relayed to Mrs. Longwell: "She says she'll be very glad to see Mrs. Grover and her friends."

Mrs. Longwell smiled kindly down upon Amy, whose face, white and drawn, was now stricken with a new apprehension. The curtain was descending, the audience was madly applauding, the curtain went up again and again. Then the Longwell party rose. They moved a slow and important way out and around to the stage door, Mrs. Longwell's arm through Amy's. Sbe led the way and it was she wbo knocked upon the dressing-room door. She gave Amy's name to tbe maid who answered.

The woman in the golden-colored robe, seated at the dressing-table, turned, smiling, and came toward them. It was for barely a second that she hesitated. Just long enough to allow Amy's heart to miss a beat. Then, witb both hands out, she went straigbt to ber. "My dear," she said, "how good of you!" With a hand still holding Amy's, she graciously acknowledged the faltering introductions. She waved a hand toward two cbairs. "Sit down. Sit down," sbe said in tbe peculiar, flat, slow voice, which was, also, so clear. "Iva," to the maid, "bring another chair from Mr. Lynn's room and tell him——"

Mrs. Longwell broke in, large, ringed hand out in protest. "Now, you needn't bother, my dear, about chairs for us. We won't stay but a moment." She smiled largely, fluttered her heavy eyelids, and shook her head graciously. "I'm sure I'm speaking for all of Chicago when I welcome you. An excellent performance. Excellent! We are delighted to have you among us here. We certainly are. Now, I've arranged to give a little dinner for you and Mr. Lynn, on Sunday." Mrs. Longwell ducked her chins in and beamed coyly at the slim creature. "For you sleepy actor folk, we'll make it 2 o'clock."

"But—uh—Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Longwell's the name. We'll make it early supper, if you like, but you know we are hard taskmasters here in Chicago, making you play for us on Sunday nights. So we'll make it at 2, yes? I'm asking just a very few of our most outstanding people, and," with a smiling gesture toward Henry and Amy, "Mr. and Mrs. Grover."

The wide, mobile mouth and the dark eyes were tragic in their regret. The celebrated voice was agonized in its sorrow. "I am so sorry. So terribly sorry. It's ducky of you to even want us. But we——" Amy's hand, still in bers, had become cold and rigid. Amy's eyes were wide upon the otber woman's face. There was a pause, during which a message seemed to flow between them. Then Floraine Lynn pressed the hand hard, in understanding. She smiled upon the bridling lady now, in sweetest friendliness. "I'd love coming to you, but we can only make one exception to our rule and I'm counting on you, Mrs.——" "Longwell," supplied that lady——. "Mrs. Longwell, not to give us away." She laid an arm across Amy's shoulders. "If this little lady'll find time to give us tea some afternoon——"

Amy nodded. "And do please ask Mrs. Longwell to come too. Now, Albert will want to see you again." She raised her head. "Albert," she called.

"Coming." Albert Lynn, tall, broad, the top of his long head barely escaping the upper doorway, came in. She went to bim, and her hand encircled his arm.

"Albert," she said, "this is Estelle Lormer's sister, remember?" It was only Henry, over by the outer door, who saw her hand sink its fingers into the soft silk arm of his dressing-gown. "I knew he'd remember." A little wave of her hand. "Her friends——"

Mr. Longwell came forward and put out his hand. "George Longwell, sir. This is Mrs. Longwell." He rocked back and forth on his heels. "Yes, sir, Longwell. Guess even you people know that name. Longwell Valves?" He waited, and was rewarded.

The pair, facing him, arm in arm, cried out simultaneously, in their delight. "Of course!" they crowed. "Of course! Longwell Valves! Of course!" She gave that slow, curious, cackling laugh. Albert Lynn, catching Henry's quizzical eyes upon bim, looked a bit sheepish. Then his eyes widened in recognition. He went to Henry, with hand outstretched. "Why, I know you. I met you at Estelle's. She's always bragging to me about her brotber-in-law. I asked about you the otber day. I remembered the talk we had at her place one nigbt. I'd like to see you some more."

Adieus were being said. As Lynn took Amy's hand, he said to Henry: "D'you know, your wife has eyes exactly the color of my sister Laura's." Turning to his wife, "Don't you think so, darling?"



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WHATEVER HAPPENS AFTERWARD

An Angry Wife Gets Rid of a Disturbing Factor In the Household

By MARY W. WHITEHEAD

JEAN went about her pretty red and white kitchen with a heart full of resentment, and a resentful heart is a poor sauce for a company dinner. Elynor, the cause of her disturbance, careless of Jean's hurrying footsteps, sat in Jean's gay little breakfast nook absorbed in the last pages of a book. When Jean had suggested to her, just a little bit ago at a critical moment, that she help with the dinner preparations, Elynor had waved her away with an absent "presently" and had not moved. Jean, her pretty face with its audacious small features strained and driven, was in no mood to thrill to the beauties of nature. With a bare forearm she pushed back her shining dark curls, forced her resentment into the background and turned to putting down her rolls, her slim figure and flushed cheeks making a pretty picture against the colorful background of the kitchen. She was just finishing three pans of snowy dots that by dinner time would be fluffy bits of deliciousness several times their present size when Frank came in. Blond Elynor heard his step in the front hall almost before Jean did and shut her book with a snap, unlimbering her battery of provocative glances, arching her neck, forcing her pink and white face to sudden animation.

"Hi, Elynor, how's my pretty cousin?" Frank came in gay and beadlong and clumsy like an overgrown puppy. "Hi, Jean, honey, how's my little wife? Mr. Estis' private car is attached to the 7 o'clock express. Train is reported on time. I got these papers all straight for him to go over," he held up his brief case, "so I came home to see if I can help here."

"You surely can," Jean began, but Elynor had Frank by the lapel looking up into his face archly.

"You can help me," she said.

"How's that?" He smiled down into the guileful blue eyes.

"Drive me to the library. I'm through with this book. Why do you have to live so far out?" She pursed her Cupid's bow mouth into an effective pout. "Not a neighbor but the Blairs, and they a whole block away. I'll die tomorrow if I don't have something to read."

"OK. Anything I can get for you in town, Jean?"

"But, Frank," Jean's bright eyes were stormy, "I need you to help me lengthen the dining room table."

"When I get back, honey." He was blunderingly oblivious to Jean's sense of outrage. "Won't be long. Um-m, these rolls look good. Wish they were ready to eat right now."

"It would have been swankier, too, to have had chicken a la king instead of plain fried chicken." Elynor's sly glance at Jean revealed her baiting of her as deliberate and malicious.

"We suburban folk," Frank grinned, good-hearted Frank agreed. "Get your hat, Elynor. Let's go."

Elynor regarded the shining pans with their snowy dots languidly. "You should have made little twisted ones, Jean," she drawled. "Kind of little figure eights, or something. I've seen them like that and they're much prettier than plain round ones for a dinner, don't you think so, Frank?"

"Um. Maybe they might have been," "don't know all the wrinkles like you city slickers."

Jean raged inwardly. She had told Frank her plans for the dinner, and he had agreed with her, apparently, that since Mr. Estis was used to a chef who could cook fancy dishes much better than she could, she had better stick to a home type meal of the things she did well. Mr. Estis was president of the U. and D. Railroad. Frank was handling some legal business for the U. and D. during the illness of old Mr. Norman, who had been the road's lawyer for years. Now Mr. Estis was pausing in a tour of inspection to confer with Frank about a lawsuit that was pending, and only this morning news had come of Mr. Norman's retirement, and the impression Frank's home made tonight might well decide whether he was to be Mr. Norman's successor.



"Plain tomato salad," Elynor scorned. "Sour cream dressing with cucumbers doesn't redeem it. At least, I'd have had a sparkling molded salad."

With her golden hair making a halo about her head, Elynor looked like a rather full blown angel, but Jean knew only too well a predatory spirit masqueraded under that fair disguise. There had been discord from the first moment of her arrival in the little house that Jean's hands had coaxed into beauty with so much love and so little money. Elynor had appeared uninvited two weeks ago, saying she heard they had a spare room, and though she hadn't been asked——

Jean almost hated her when she thought how many scenes she and Frank, with his expansive ideas of hospitality, had had about her in private. If Frank had said one word now in defense of Jean's menu or in praise of her cooking, she would not have minded Elynor's criticism, but for him by keeping silence almost to concur with Elynor was too much. To slave for him further seemed in the circumstances not a virtue but just plain dumbness. Jean slumped down in a chair, hands to her head.

"What's the matter, honey?" Frank was alarmed.

"I'm sick," Jean groaned. "My head aches." And, indeed, there was suddenly a furious pounding in her temples. "Elynor, you can just get the dinner, since you know how to do it so much better than I do."

"Oh, but I didn't mean—" Elynor recoiled.

"Gee, Jean," Frank said, frightened, "you're not really sick, are you? With Mr. Estis coming, and everything? What will we do?"

"You help Elynor fix the dinner her way," Jean said. "I'm going to bed."

Frank followed her to the foot of the stairs. "You do look sick, Jean," he said worriedly, and laid a hand on her forehead, "and you're awfully hot too. Hadn't I better phone for the doctor?"

Rest and quiet had their effect. Jean's temples ceased to throb and she began to be conscious of a murmur of voices from the kitchen. What had she been thinking of, leaving Frank alone with Elynor? She sniffed alertly. Something was scorching.

"Jean, I hate to disturb you, honey, but can you tell Elynor how to make chicken a la king?" Frank called.

"My recipe file is in the kitchen cabinet." Elynor was having difficulty. Again a little flare of triumph shook Jean.

"I found that. She—ah—knows the theory but—well, I thought you, maybe, knew some—er—simpler way, in practise."

He would not admit Elynor's incompetence. For him to offer such a thin and ridiculous alibi for his pretty cousin's fumbling was again too much. "If she doesn't know enough to follow a recipe, I can't help her."

"Why are you so—er—antagonistic to Elynor, Jean."

"O, for heaven's sake, Frank." Jean's brown eyes flashed, her winged eyebrows drew down, she turned her back and burrowed her head into the pillow.

Elynor's and Frank's voices murmured on for some time, now subdued, now rising, and then Elynor's footsteps ascended the stairs. Jean lifted her head. The footsteps passed her door and went on to the spare room, and when they came back Jean saw the blond visitor had on coat and hat. She sat up, startled, but Elynor did not pause.

"Elynor," Jean called sharply, "where are you going?"

Elynor came back to Jean's door, bland and airy. "O, we've decided not to bother with chicken. Frank and I are driving in to Mr. Schmidt's delicatessen for some of his ham croquettes."

"Ham—why, those awful—Elynor, you can't serve those ham croquettes to Mr. Estis."

"They're not so bad. See you later," said Elynor carelessly, and a moment later the house door slammed and Jean heard the car start.

She lay stunned. Mr. Schmidt's ham croquettes tasted like nothing so much in the world as like laundry soap. Her lovely carefully planned little dinner!

He couldn't afford not to make a good impression on Mr. Estis. He couldn't. Soap croquettes. Fruit salad out of a can, probably. And Elynor, most likely, wouldn't bother with any vegetables. Mr. Estis would never be in the mood to

give Frank an important appointment after a dinner like that.

"Why should I care? Let him lose the appointment. He doesn't care about me any more. It's Elynor who must be pleased. Why should I help him to a position with the U. and D. when all he does now is criticize me?"

Against her very will Jean found herself getting up from the bed. "I won't have such a meal served in my house," she thought. "Elynor will probably manage, one way and another, to give Mr. Estis the impression that Frank and I fight like Kilkenny cats, and I can't do anything about that——" She paused and an intense calculating look dawned in her bright eyes. "Or can I?" Her lips set in a firm line. "Tonight's going to be perfect," she told herself determinedly. "Frank's going to have his chance with Mr. Estis, whatever happens."

When Elynor, returning from town, opened the kitchen door with big Frank trailing behind her downcast, his arms full of paper bags, the kitchen was tidy and filled with delightful odors. At sight of Jean standing over the chicken frying on the stove Elynor looked taken aback, Frank's face widened into a full moon of delight, then sobered into concern.

"Honey," he protested with a rush of warmth, "should you be up?" In spite of himself he sniffed pleasurably.

"Never mind about me now," Jean said tensely. "You run along upstairs and get yourself dressed. Elynor, wait! Before you go up to dress, there's one little thing I want you to do for me. Don't you stop, Frank. You must be ready when Mr. Estis comes if nobody else is."

Mr. Estis had arrived and dinner was ready to be served. The intervening time had been hectic for Jean. She had given careful and detailed instructions to the little maid who had come to serve the meal, she had made herself lovely and had hurried down breathless to the living room to give Mr. Estis a greeting as charming as if she had been waiting all afternoon in leisurely calm for his arrival. And Mr. Estis had admired the little house that seemed to him like a pretty toy place, no doubt. And now Delia was ready to announce dinner, and Frank was asking where Elynor was.

"Why—she's having dinner with Cornelia Blair. She went out to the garage with me to get a bottle of vanilla I left in the car, and old Mr. Blair was out repairing his fence, and Cornelia invited Elynor to dinner and she accepted."

"That's what that hammering is that I've been hearing—old man Blair nailing on his fence. And that funny sound—must be the old man's idea of singing."

"It is," Jean agreed hastily. "It—sounded even funnier near at hand."

Mr. Estis' enjoyment of Jean's dinner was encouraging; later while she superintended the clearing away, he and Frank had a business conference. There was a pleasant time of talk afterward and then a taxi from the station called as Mr. Estis had arranged and Frank came back with beaming face from seeing him to the car.

"Behold the legal representative of the U. and D. Railroad," he said, bowing. "Mr. Estis just asked me if I would take Mr. Norman's place. He said with a wife and a home like I've got I was bound to go far."

"O, Frank." Jean flew into his arms, then drew away guiltily. The time had come to pay for the evening's success. She reached behind a vase on the mantel, picked up something and pressed it into his palm.

"The key to the garage," he looked at her wonderingly. "What am I to do with this?"

"I can be mean, Frank, though not in the sly little backhanded ways that—O, never mind—I've got a confession to make."

"Not tonight, darling." Frank drew her to him again. "Tonight has been so perfect. So lovely and gay and happy. Just like old times. Don't spoil it."

"You know why it's been happy, don't you?"

He shook his head. "No idea. Except that you've been so sweet."

She sighed. "Frank, dear——"

"Don't spoil tonight, Jean."

"I'm afraid I must." Jean looked up at him a little pitifully. "O, Frank, if you only will be just. I was determined tonight should be perfect—that our home shouldn't be made to appear quarrelsome and unhappy before Mr. Estis. I was bound you should have your chance, yes, even if I'm not to share it with you."

"Jean!" Frank protested.

"Wait until you hear." Her cheeks paled as she faced him across the hearth with its shining andirons, her spirited head drooping, a soft, shrinking, wholly alluring little figure. "Elynor, she's not at Blair's, Frank." Her words came tumbling and frightened. "Mr. Blair wasn't mending any fence. He wasn't singing. That was Elynor you heard knocking and calling. She's—I locked her in the garage." She watched him from under long lashes, dread in her eyes.

He stared at her, round-eyed. "You—you did what?" he asked aghast.





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Courage came to Jean's aid. She flung up her head, her attitude seeming to say, "Here I stand with my guilt upon me. Choose whether you are for Elynor or for me.

"I—I did more than that," she said. "To make it more certain that she and I can't both stay under the same roof any longer, I—she came running when she saw me closing the door and I—I locked a fold of her skirt in the door so she can't even sit down unless she takes her clothes off."

Frank's astonishment melted into a shout of laughter. He snatched Jean to him. "Devil. Adorable little devil." He hesitated, his hospitable instincts rising to do battle. The battle ended. He set fond lips against Jean's dark curls. "Let her stay where she is," he murmured. "We want our home to ourselves again."

MASTERS OF THE CRAFT

Continued from Page 7

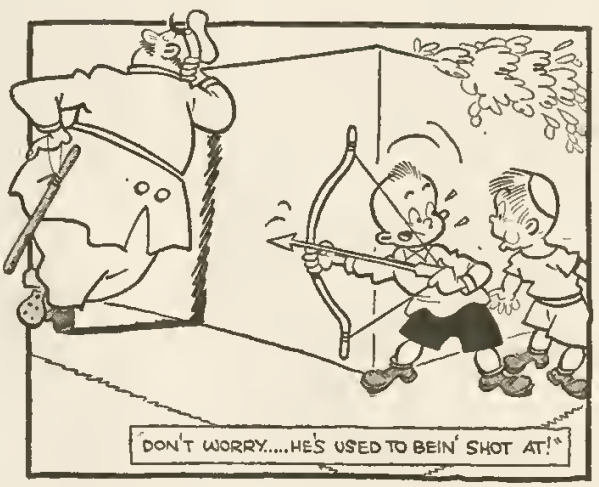
guide. There was sweat on his face and he'd already emptied a bottle of whisky. He'd almost bitten through his lower lip. Pain. But he was reading there in his bunk, the bone still sticking out of his leg. 'I've got to amputate the thing!' he said. 'Get me some water and the medicine chest.' He began to draw diagrams on a pad then, taking them from the book, and we stood there and argued with him. He was quite cool about it. He was going to cut off his own leg if we'd help him. But we talked him out of that and tried to set the bone. We were both strong men, the mate and myself, but it took us all of an hour and even then we couldn't get the thing straight. Masterman fainted twice but we hardly knew it. Too busy. He never made a sound.

"It was a messy job at the best, and when we had him in rough splints he swallowed another half a bottle of whisky and demanded to be taken on deck. Aye, on deck. He was helpless but we were still afraid of him. So we carried him up and laid him on a wet mattress near the skylight, propped up with pillows. He had his gun in one hand and a box of cartridges in the other; whisky bottles under the mattress. 'What's the damage?' he said and the mate explained. 'Then we'll rig another rudder and a tiller,' he swore. 'Send that carpenter aft.'

"He kept all hands at work for 16 hours, until the sea was nothing but a long, smooth swell, and then he gave orders to get the new rudder overside. The gear broke on the second attempt and Masterman shot the bos'n through the arm. Just like that! The man had forgotten to use new line. So we lost the rudder overside.

"I said Masterman was a man. He drank whisky to keep himself awake and he drove us. We were 600 miles from the island of Fayal and he proposed to make that port for repairs. The situation was beyond me at that time. I hadn't that much experience and the mate was frightened. But Masterman commanded and we did as he said. We tried first to sweep or drag the packet's head to the southward where Fayal lay, but it was never any use. She kept swinging back to the north, even in the calm weather we got. There was a swell from the west. Not much wind. I didn't see why we couldn't wait and make another rudder, but I'd forgotten our stores were low and then Masterman wanted to get to a doctor. 'If the ship won't make Fayal one way I'll take her there another!' he swore. And, by all that's holy, he backed the Pride of Lathore a matter of 300 miles while we built another rudder and got it shipped.

"Aye, backed her, I said. No rudder, and no tiller if there was one. I said he was a seaman. We took in all our drags, with which we'd been trying to head her south. We furled all headsails, and all canvas on the foremast. Then we set all square sails on the mizzen, all the main-topsail and the starboard clew of the mainsail. Threw back then, every sail set. That gave us stern



board and with a royal breeze, keeping all that canvas flat on the masts. Masterman backed her those 300 miles. Some of us pumped for spells. Some made the new rudder. And Masterman was propped there on the poop, his eyes burning and only the whisky keeping him awake and alive.

"Twice, on different nights, men crawled aft to get him, but he was sharp. He'd had lanterns lashed to the for'ard taffrail. The men tried knocking them out but it was too tricky with the ship movements and Masterman only laughed. Some one did pitch a belaying pin from the mizzen that almost got him. May have been Stevens. No one ever knew and Masterman's answering shot hit no one. He went below for the first time when we had the new rudder shipped. The mate and I carried him and he made us set him in a chair just inside his door, so he could lock himself in and sleep. 'You'd like to see me go under,' he swore, 'but I'll be hanged if I do! There's no boats left so you can't desert me.' He laughed as we left him, for that was true. We had lost all our boats in the gales and that time we lay in the trough.

"WE REACHED Fayal just 14 days after the accident and no one could think of a way to get Masterman ashore. It was too rough to land him from the ship, at the pier. But he solved that too. Had himself hoisted over in a box with his mattress inside. Cut the rope when the right wave picked up the shore boat below him so he could drop into it. So they got him to the hotel. 'I'll be sending some one to take charge,' he said, last thing. He didn't trust any of us, not even the mate, who always remembered the time he'd been chained to the chicken coop and fed corn. But then he'd been fool enough to haul Masterman back when he was about to go overside. It used to make him brood.

"I don't know what arrangements Masterman made, but he was clever. He knew he'd never get another crew at Fayal if his present one deserted. He had the Portuguese police keep a detachment on board. He hired a retired naval commander to see to the ship. It took 41 days to repair her and by then Masterman was back on board, against all the advice of the surgeons. They had wanted to cut his leg off and he told them he could have done that himself, 14 days before. Now his mind was made up. He'd come into the world with two legs and he was going out the same way. Made them reset the bone. Miracle that he lived.

"None of us had been allowed ashore at Fayal. We'd had good food though, and a rest. 'You'll be able to work all the better now,' said Masterman when he saw us. 'We're short-handed.' And so he drove us again. Hobbling around on a crutch which he'd use to hit a man. A devil, I said. But a man.

"I could tell you a lot more that happened before we docked in Brooklyn. Except we had fair winds and smooth seas, the run would have been a worse hell than the last. We'd left Liverpool short-handed and we'd lost men since. The mate and the cook had to go aloft at times. Drive, drive, drive! And when it wasn't handling sails it was getting the packet fixed for docking. We tarred the decks and holystoned 'em, so they'd have a grayish tinge. We tarred down stays. We scraped yards and masts and varnished 'em. It was a custom of the clippers to dock looking like a yacht. And the Pride of Lahore was a sweet clipper, like I said. Brightwork shining; scroll-work on her cutwater. The brass was polished until it looked like gold. Masterman was proud of her.

"You can figure how we worked to get her in shape, when it took both watches to handle the canvas even in a light breeze. But that was the custom. Clippers dressed like ladies when they end-

ed the voyage. Nobody cares now how a packet comes home!

"There isn't a lot more. Just something that Stevens did when we docked in Brooklyn. It was that door I just had fixed that reminded me . . . Craftsmanship, see? The old times! . . . We harbor-stowed the sails while the tug took us in. Put white canvas covers over 'em and wrapped 'em with black-leaded gaskets. Squared th' yards and washed down decks a last time. Every line had to be coiled on its pin.

"We tied her up to the wharf and made fast. Then Masterman came hobbling down on the main deck for a last inspection, and he kept all hands standing by until he was satisfied. I remember we all watched him, saying nothing; itching to get ashore and away from him. He looked us over at last and laughed. 'If you weren't sailors when we started you are now,' he said. Stevens muttered something under his breath, his eyes like fire. 'Too late now,' Masterman told him. 'You should have got me at sea.'

"He kept us waiting while he lighted a cigar. He must have smoked for a full minute, smiling like the devil he was and enjoying the last of his command. Then he waved one big hand. "All right. That'll do." Once a skipper says that at a voyage end you're quits, all but the paying off. The men made a break for the fo'c's'le. The mate and I went aft to pack. Neither of us wanted another voyage under Masterman.

"But there you are. I'll swear that when I went down to the main deck again with my sea bag and chest I hated to leave the packet. It was the ship, you understand? A sweet clipper, and we'd pulled her through hell. The men were already filing ashore, and some of them turned back and swore at Masterman, shook their fists. He stood at the head of the gangway and laughed, smoking his cigar.

"Stevens was the last. He checked on the gangway and looked at the skipper. 'If I ever catch you ashore . . .' he said. 'Help yourself,' said Masterman. Stevens spat into the dock and started to pick up his sea bag again. And then he stopped. He'd taken a last look along the main deck, where it was all neat and clean. And there was a line that'd fallen off a pin in the main fife rail. Just a couple of coils slipped off, you understand? He sort of shook his head, worried, spat again and then set his sea bag down. He came back up the gangway, past Masterman and over to that line which he set back in place.

"That was all. He didn't have to do it. He was clear of the ship. He'd gone through hell on her and he hated Masterman. But the ship! The ship, you see. It wasn't right to leave a job not done proper. So he took that trouble to set back the line . . . He was a sailor! . . ."

My Uncle George blew his massive nose in his red handkerchief and glared around.

"That's what I mean. The old times! Master and man knew their work. The proper job, the proper job! Pride, my boy! . . . But the man who fixed that confounded door! . . ."

RECKLESS LADY

Continued from Page 5

mean?" Karen's voice was drowsy, but she smiled across the room at Serge.

"Do you want me to tell you?" Serge stopped playing.

"No!" Karen's voice was full of alarm. "Please play!"

Serge laughed. "The typical American woman. Afraid! You're a queer species, Karen, all of you. You're restless and adventurous—and yet you're provincial. You retreat when you should go ahead, go ahead when retreat is the graceful play."

"I suppose we have far too much money!"

"Perhaps, but it is more deep-rooted than that—at heart you are all Puritans!"

"You think the 'Puritans' made a mess of their lives?"

Serge hesitated, watching her face, wondering just what answer to make. She lay there, gorgeous, rebellious, obviously unhappy. "Would you have wanted to live their lives?" he asked lightly.

"No." Karen moved impatiently.

The thought seemed to oppress her. She got up, came over to Serge at the piano. He sat quiet, his hands on the piano keys: "What is it Karen?"

"What's wrong with my life, Serge? You're wise. What is it?"

Serge looked up at her, continued his soft playing: "You're life is pointless, my sweet Pointless. You're selfish and spoiled and without resources. You need somebody to lead you with a strong hand."

Karen made a grimace. "Children, I suppose, and worry about measles and such?"

"That wouldn't hurt a bit!" the prince retorted. "But I meant something else. You're undeveloped. You need somebody to show you the beauties of the world."

He wondered if he could make her understand. She sat down close beside him as he played. Suddenly he turned accusingly toward her on the piano bench.

"You're a barbarian! You have everything to learn, and you've chosen the wrong teacher!"

He took Karen in his arms and held her. Her head fell back against his shoulders as he kissed her. His lips crushed on to hers. She moaned a little. He kissed her again, more recklessly than before.

"What shall I do?" Karen gasped. She felt weak, helpless in his arms.

"You and I are going to be married tonight. This morning! Whatever you call it. We're starting just as soon as we can get rid of the rest of them in there. We're going to run away."

"Where?"

"I'll find a place."

"Then what?"

"We'll explore the world."

Karen suddenly smiled. "Explore the world? It sounds interesting."

"It will be, I promise!" And Serge was sincere as he spoke. This girl stirred him amazingly. She was so naive, yet so modern. He drew her to him again.

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"I'll beat you if you don't bebave!" he warned her.

Just then Gail walked into the drawing room. Had Karen looked she would have seen the anger in the girl's eyes. "I beg your pardon, but breakfast is served!" Karen did not even hear her.

"Karen, really!" Gail spoke sharply. "After all, Ping's a friend of mine and you're going too far."

Karen turned and smiled at Gail. She shook her head. "We don't want any breakfast now, Gail," she said. "Serge and I are going to be married."

"Is it true?" Gal looked at Serge. He nodded.

"When?"

Serge saw the light of battle in Gail's eyes. "Now, this moment, we're leaving for Texas, or New Jersey, or wherever it is that people get married in this awful country." He took Karen by the shoulders. "Come, dear."

"Who's going with us?" Karen called.

Gail was wild. "You're drunk!" she flung at Karen.

"I was never so sober in my life!" Karen turned to Serge as the rest came in from the kitchen. "We should ask old Lawton to come along."

She moved swiftly to the hall, began to beat on the bedroom door. "Jimmie, dear, I'm going to be married. Come on along!"

Dead as he was to the world, Lawton leaped out of bed, struggled into dressing gown. You're crazy, Karen! Why did I ever get mixed up with your family?" Should he call Karen's father? He did not know what to do.

Finally Gail took matters into her own hands. She called Lucy. Lucy could handle Karen. "Come, Lucy, Karen says she's going to be married. Get Webber and the limousine and maybe we can keep her out of it!"

"Who, Ping?"

"No, some prince! Hurry! She's at Lawton's apartment."

Lucy did not dare awaken Mr. Mallory. She felt that Gail had been justified in trusting the matter to her. Not 20 minutes later she walked into Lawton's apartment and Webber was waiting below with the car.

"Who's going? How many cars do we need?" Karen cried.

Bill already had his coat and hat. "Count me out! Remember I work for your father, Karen! I'm on my way—fast!" And he dashed out the door.

Finally, frightened, the gang fled. They left only Lawton, Lucy, Gail and the prince.

CHAPTER VIII

THEY crowded out to the elevator, the eloping Karen Mallory and Prince Serge. Lucy was crying, Gail angry. As for Lawton, he could feel nothing at the moment but a desperate desire for sleep.

"It's 4 o'clock," he said, wistfully. The elevator was such a long time coming that Lawton reprimanded the boy sharply when the door finally opened.

"I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again. I trust you won't report me, sir!"

The boy hoped Lawton could not see the crisp $20 bill that an excited young man put in his hand ten minutes before, to delay the car as long as possible.

When they reached the street level there was a telephone call for Lawton. "It's important, sir!" the night bellboy told him.

Karen laughed. She clung to Serge's arm. "They think they're going to stop us."

"Nothing can do that, Karen!"

Lawton was at the desk a long time. He just answered in monosyllables. "It's the management. They're complaining about the noise in my apartment."

The five of them crowded into the limousine. Karen, in Serge's arms, called to Webber. "Drive like the devil. Bill's called Father. I know! That telephone call, Jim. You don't lie well, I know! Orders from dad. It's no use. You can't stop us!"

Lawton drew in his breath hard. Webber swung the car swiftly into action.

"To the tunnel," Karen ordered. Lawton, trembling, knew that Mallory would be waiting there. She would never dare defy her father in person, he was sure. Webber hit a fast clip across town.

"Turn down Fifth!" Karen said, "And step on it."

"It's slippery, Miss Karen."

"You can do it, Webber," Karen said with confidence. In her state, it had not occurred to her that they might be stopped at the tunnel entrance.

Karen, sitting in Serge's arms, kept a watch out of the rear of the car. "There's somebody following us! I know! Hurry, Webber!"

"No, the car turned off!"

So it went. They sped down Fifth Avenue, in the black of the winter morn-

Suddenly the car lurched. There was a squeaking of brakes as Webber jammed his foot down. An awful skidding. A dull thud. The car swung completely around, and stopped with a jolt across the street against the curb, headed north. Then silence. A terrible silence.

Inside the car the five were tumbled together on the floor. Lawton, fighting, got the door open and crawled out. He grabbed for Karen, and pulled her out after him. Lucy, the faithful, managed to get out herself.

"Stand here!" Lawton ordered. He ran to the corner. He could see a cab coming way across Sixth Avenue. He called to Lucy.

"Bring her!" Together they got Karen to the corner. The three waited in silence. Lucy was breathing heavily.

"Don't worry! Let the cab driver think she's drunk? She's all right, Lucy. Just get her to bed."

The cab was just across the street now. Intent on his fare, Lawton gambled that its driver would not see the wrecked car in the middle of the block. Lawton could not be sure. He put a bill into the man's hand and helped Lucy with Karen.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"Grand Central," Lawton said, and he pinched Lucy's arm hard. "When you get there, change cabs. Keep the window down!" he murmured in Lucy's ear. Then he went back to the wreck.

He looked about. There seemed to be no help in sight. He started across the street to see if he could get aid from a night watchman in a nearby building. He stumbled over something. It was soft, warm, human!

Lawton bent down. He felt his knees weaken. He got to the sidewalk, and there he must have lost consciousness. Shortly there were police sirens. Somebody had notified the police.

Lawton struggled to his feet. He weaved from side to side as he walked to the police car.

"What's the matter? Drunk?"

Lawton could not speak. He clutched the door of the car. They saw the blood on his face.

"He's hurt!"

"Hospital!" Lawton gasped now. "Hurt!" He pointed desperately to the quiet figure in the snow. The men jumped out. Lawton, desperate, washed his face in the snow. The shock seemed to steady his nerves.

He went over to the car. He remembered he kept calling for Webber.

Serge had managed to get out and was now standing in the street dazed. "Karen?"

"Quiet! I sent her home first!"

Together they got Gail out. She was unconscious and her head was bleeding badly. By that time the ambulance had helped get Webber out of the driver's seat.

"Call the morgue while we get these two into the hospital," one of the doctors told the police.

Morgue! Lawton gulped. Lawton and the prince, standing there helpless, saw Webber and Gail lifted into the ambulance.

"We'd better go along with them," Lawton said. He could not look at the still figure in



the snow. If the quiet figure were dead, there was no more to do here. It was a blessing for Lawton's frame of mind that he did not know then that there were two still figures in the snow.

The two men, shaken and sick, were silent on the long ride. Once Gail became conscious, but they told her to go asleep again. Webber did not move. Once in a while he moaned a little.

At the hospital they were received in the emergency room. Gail, conscious now, became hysterical, but not before Lawton managed to tell her to keep quiet about Karen. Gail was weeping, terrified that her nose was broken. She wanted her own doctor.

"We'll get him, Gail, just as soon as you're comfortable. We've got to look after Webber too."

"He's only the chauffeur! Get me my doctor!"

Lawton himself had a bandage on his head, Serge a sprained wrist and ankle. He walked with difficulty. Lawton sent Serge home in a cab after arranging for him to come downtown later in the day to make a statement.

It must have been almost 7 when Lawton telephoned Lucy. The poor woman could scarcely hear what he said.

"Where is Webber's wife? What did you wake me up at this hour for, to ask me that? Why didn't you wait until daylight at least?" Lucy's nerves were shattered.

"What about Webber's wife?" Lawton persisted.

"You know she's in the hospital. They just had their first baby! I thought you knew! Miss Karen sent her to her own hospital!"

Lawton did not answer. He hung up the receiver in the pay station booth from which he was calling. He leaned against the wall and tears ran down his cheeks. An intern, seeing his plight, tried to make him drink a sedative. But Lawton refused. He had to have every ounce of brains he ever had.

He left the hospital, made an appointment with the accident bureau for the afternoon and said he was going home to bed.

Then he drove to the Mallory residence. He was unshaven and there was blood on his shirtfront. He had lost his hat and his coat was torn. It was thus he was ushered in the presence of Jason Mallory.

Mallory obviously hadn't slept much, not since he'd had the telephone call from Bill about the elopement. Now he looked old and tired in the gray morning light.

"I've ordered breakfast; I thought you'd need some," Mallory said.

Mallory, without speaking further, poured Lawton a drink and handed it to him. "Now——"

"The first thing, get Karen and Lucy up. Quick."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Continued from Page 13

stark anguish in her eyes but only calm gallantry in her bearing, because that was the way brave women helped the courage of their men. It made Max's exhibition seem a nasty bit of work, and the boy said contemptuously:

"Don't screech. I was only thinking of how to secure you to the floor of a tilting plane. We'll salvage you all right."

"There's no need to endanger the plane," Thirza said quietly. "I'll stay."

There was a painful silence at her words, nobody looked at Max, but all were plainly waiting for his voice. Thirza mistaking their attitude said almost pleadingly:

"I want to stay, John. I was used to —to risks with my father, and I'm a really good shot . . ."

"It's not necessary, my dear," John Wyke smiled. "Everything has been arranged. The plane can carry four without danger, eh, pilot?"

"Oh, easily, sir," the boy blurted, taking his eyes from Max. It was true, everything had been arranged, all the same Max ought to have protested against the mere suggestion of a woman giving him her place.

"Even then I'd like to stay, John," Thirza said with her new quietness.

"My dear, somebody must go first—and there are the other ladies," John Wyke said. "We won't be long after you."

"You're a brave liar, John," she said with a little twisted smile. Her hand dropped on his arm as though she meant to draw him close and kiss him, but just then Max muttered sullenly: "Here's the snow! If we don't start soon we'll be caught in a blizzard." As she heard she colored as though in shame, turned and walked to the plane.

THE plane banked so steeply as she climbed that even Max was able to catch a fleeting glimpse of a black worm of men marking the snow below.

"Loy's men!" he burst out. "We're only just in time. Thirza, can you see . . .?"

Thirza did not even look his way, she had moved close to Ethel Stamper. "Pray hard that this blizzard thickens," she said. "It may save them. These valley men hate snow."

Perhaps their prayers were answered. The blizzard thickened so terribly that they themselves had a wicked fight before they won through to Sen-tze. It was so bad that no pleading could persuade even the sympathetic ground commander to allow the plane to start back. The risk was far too great. Even when a big eight-seater managed to fight through from the coast, the thicker weather here forced them to wait until the snow had cleared, and when, at last, she did start, Thirza was refused a place on board. They needed the space for bombs, they said; but it was more likely that they did not want her to see what they feared they'd find—knowing Loy's methods.

Thirza guessed what was in their minds and thought of it as she sat and waited with Ethel Stamper. What would the rescue plane find? John Wyke and his companions murdered? Or buried by the blizzard and frozen to death? Or shot down tragically at the last mo-

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ment before the plane got to them?

That seemed more likely when, after an eternity, the big plane at last appeared in the sky; for as it built up one of the ground staff lowered his glasses and said: "She's been in trouble—shot holes in her wings."

With sick fear in their hearts the women watched the great plane land and taxi to the apron. Delano got out, and then Grantrix—Thirza stood very still, watching with a face so pale that it seemed white flame. Maj. Stamper was helped down, all red bandages and wry smiles, and Ethel was in his arms.

"Got to us just on the tick," he said. "The beggars had worked all round us, so that we couldn't have held them off another half hour. But the blighters had no taste for bombs . . . bolted like rabbits . . ."

Thirza at his elbow said hoarsely: "John! Where's John?"

"Eh," gulped the major. "Bless my soul, isn't he out yet? They pipped him in the calf; not so bad, but he can't stand—ah, here he is . . ."

John Wyke was being lowered from the plane as Max had been, and Thirza went to him—but in a way Max had never known.

"It was the blizzard that saved us," John Wyke said later. "They started shooting just after you left, but the snow was too much for them. We, of course, were sheltered in the damaged plane, but they had no cover so they beat it, these valley men hate snow."

"That's what Thirza said," Ethel Stamper smiled. "She prayed for that blizzard."

"Thirza?" John Wyke cried in surprise. "When you were flying through it? That wasn't very sensible."

"Have I ever been so very sensible?" she whispered, her eyes humble and lovely before his.

It was Tom Delano who asked: "Where's Lorna and—er—Max?"

"Max decided it would be better if he went on in the three-seater—in his condition," Ethel Stamper said tartly. "Lorna went with him, neither wanted to miss the connecting plane home."

"We have though, I suppose?" the major said ruefully.

"No," Ethel laughed. "Thirza saw to that. She made the air people here arrange for a relay if," she choked a little—"when you got through." She smiled at John Wyke. "She knew how keen you were to be bome by Christmas, John."

"You did that for me, my dear," John Wyke said when he and Thirza were alone.

"It was little enough, after John, I've been a terrible fool."

"My dear, don't take it to heart. I understand."

"Do you? Or are you still making the mistake I did—when I thought I loved Max?"

"Not such a mistake," he told her. "He's young and your own sort. It's only natural——"

"It wasn't, because it wasn't real," she said huskily. "It was just surface glamour, no depth or fineness or—or honor in it. I know now—because I've found the real thing. It's you, John, and—and I'm sorry . . ."

"I don't think I can be," he smiled shakily. "If you mean—but I'm an old fogey, my dear, stiff and dull for a girl. Are you sure——"

"Sure——? John, if you only knew how sure," she breathed, and looked at him—and what he saw left no doubts. "I'm so sure that I hate myself for being so blind."

"I can't," he said, his arm about her shoulders. "I never could—and never will . . . Not now . . ."

"I say, you people," Tom Delano poked his head into the room. "Sorry to butt in, but if you want to get home by Christmas, the plane . . ."

"I don't think I ever wanted to so much," John Wyke called back. "Help me hurry, Thirza."



THE RIVER OF SKULLS

Continued from Page 10

throat. There, on a rise, silhouetted against the sky stood a black animal with lifted nose scenting the air. Then it disappeared.

Time! time! He must have time! He forgot the agony of the myriad flies that had spotted his face and hands with blood. He burst into a wild sing-song in imitation of a conjuror he had once heard at the Lake of the Snows. The Indians chattered 20 feet away, evidently disturbed.

Then as the kindlings failed to catch from the tinder he cried:

"Tshipi! The Spirit! He has answered! See, he has ordered the spruce sticks not to burn! My spirit is strong! He is overhead there, in the sky!"

The Naskapi followed Alan's eyes to where a raven circled low to the earth, above them. With a desperate heave, Alan freed his hands and still keeping his elbows stiff against his side, got the knife from his pocket and opened it behind his back.

A little longer! If he could delay the starting of the fire again until he was ready—ready to make his fight for life!

While the uneasy Indians still talked with awed voices as they watched the circling raven, Alan continued in the whine of a coast medicine man.

"Tshipi, my brother, is here. He has heard my call. He comes as a raven to make the spruce sticks smoke, but not burn!"

The four Naskapi stood, swart faces twisted with apprehension, watching the circling raven, when, with a roar, a great dog bounded into the fold in the tundra.

"Roughy! Come on Roughy! Get 'em, boy!" shouted the half-delirious Cameron, slashing the thongs at his neck and rushing headlong at the startled group of Naskapi.

"Atimwok!" shrieked the leader, picking up his gun and firing wildly from the hip at the bounding husky as Alan reached them from the rear and drove his short-bladed knife deep into the back of the nearest man. As he turned, a rifle roared in his face and, half-blinded, he dove headlong at the knees of the Indian holding the smoking gun, hurling him to the ground. But the impact drove the knife from his hand.

Desperate with the thought that his wound would sap his last ounce of strength, Alan tore his right arm free from the grip of the writhing Indian, pinioned the other's knife hand to his side and found his throat. With the strength of a madman, the Naskapi fought to free his neck from the white man's fingers that closed on his windpipe like a vise. But the hunter who fought against time—the instant his wound would suddenly slow his heart—would not be denied. Holding his enemy with the grip of a bear, he choked him into insensibility.

Behind Alan, raging like a fury, the husky, escaping the two shots from the muzzle loaders, leaped and slashed at the two retreating Indians who fought the frenzied dog with their empty guns and their knives. Avoiding by a side leap the clubbed gun of one, Rough catapulted into the older man who slashed the air in a wild thrust as the canny Ungava again dodged. Then as the Indian stumbled backward, the dog leaped in and struck with his long tusks at the exposed throat, ripping the flesh like paper. As the Ungava made a side spring away from his enemy, a gun butt crashed on his skull. With a roar of rage, the great dog staggered, shook his head, then leaped back as the gun butt again arched through the air. But as the clubbed gun missed its mark, Rough leaped, carrying the Indian beneath him to the moss. A knife flashed in the sun, as the maddened husky's tusks snapped and tore, struck again and again. The thrashing shape beneath the dog suddenly relaxed.

Near him, the panting Alan lay across

the limp body of the Indian, still pinning his throat with his closed fingers. The swollen tongue and bulging eyes told their story. But in the face of the man who had won, there was a look of blank amazement. He was still strong. He felt no pain. He sat up and ran his hand over his chest. There was no blood! Then he found a tear in his powder-burned shirt close to his ribs. Missed!

With a glad yelp the husky left the enemy he was worrying and sprang to nuzzle his master's face. Alan opened his arms to circle the blood-smeared mane of his whining dog.

Ignoring the sprawled shapes that lay near them, repulsive, grotesque, with glazed eyes staring at the sky, Alan sat on the ground and talked to the dog who had grown restless, chewed his leash and trailed his master.

CHAPTER XX

TOWARD evening, down on the river shore, two men and a girl waited for the return of the man and dog who had gone into the barrens.

"He must have found the deer," observed McCord, "or he'd have shown up before this."

"Plentee tam. He pack de beeg back load of meat," said Noel, who had wandered all day on the tundra to the west without seeing a caribou.

"I'm wondering if anything has happened," suggested Heather, rocking nervously back and forth on the gravel beach and hugging her knees. "I've been feeling sort of spooky all day—as if something was wrong."

"He's bringing in a heavy load of meat, I'll bet," said McCord. "Deer liver'll go good, eh, Noel? I'm hungry for red meat after so much fish."

"He's coming! Look at the dogs!" cried Heather. Powder, Shot, and Rogue had suddenly risen to face the timber, ears pricked, their black nostrils eagerly testing the air. Then, with a yelp, Powder plunged into the scrub.

Heather's brown face dimpled in a smile of relief. She glanced down at her torn whipcords and heavy woolen stockings. Bending over she smoothed the stockings, then went to her tent and ran a comb through her short hair. As she came out, Noel was watching her. She smiled. The Indian returned the smile.

"Well, what in the devil's happened to you two?" demanded McCord, as the frisking puppies followed by the badly limping Rough, and Alan with his back load of deer meat, came out of the scrub.

Alan waved his hand, walked to the beach and dropped his pack. His eyes were swollen almost shut and his head, neck, and hands smeared with blood from insect stings. From his forehead rose a great red welt, where the flesh had been broken. One side of his face was smudged with a powder burn and his shirt around the bullet hole peppered with powder.

"Alan!" Heather choked, running to the tired hunter who stood grinning at his startled friends. "Alan Cameron, you've been hurt! Your head! It's all swollen and bloody and your eyes are almost shut!"

"Good lord, you're a sight, man!" cried McCord. "And look at Rough! Did you two run into a bear?"

"Four bears," said Alan, with a grimace.

Noel squinted at Cameron's tattered shirt.

"Ah-hah! You get shot at close to, dere," he exclaimed pointing at the bullet hole and powder stains.

"Shot at!" cried McCord. "You met the Naskapi?"

Alan nodded. "The last of the migration is passing to the east! I got two. On my way back with the meat, they cracked me on the head—ambushed me—were going to burn me, but Rough chewed his leash and found us in time."

"Burn you!" McCord exclaimed. "That's awful!"

"Burn you!" gasped Heather, then with a sob, cried, "I knew something was wrong today! I knew it!"

While he and his hungry dog ate, and Heather and Noel bathed their wounds, Alan told the story.

Before she went to her small tent, Heather insisted on redressing the cuts and putting a bandage on Cameron's bruised and swollen head. "All day," she said in a low voice, "I had a queer feeling about you, Alan."

He held her by the arms as she looked

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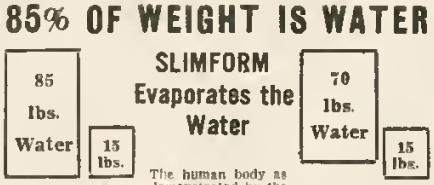
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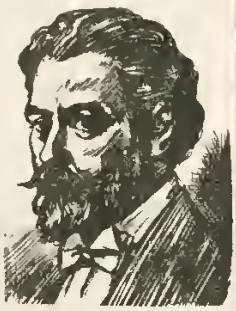
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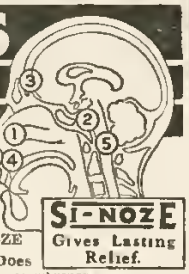
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up into his bronzed face beneath the bandage, her dark eyes brilliant in the flickering firelight. "Heather, you're a regular mother to me with all this fussing. You'll spoil me, the way you hover around like a hen ptarmigan with a flock of chickens."

Suddenly, as he smiled down at her, her lower lip quivered. With a swift trembling intake of breath, she whispered, "Good night," and ran to her tent.

The following morning, with Rough in the boat because of his stiff shoulder, the Peterboro continued down the desolate river valley. Packing with infinite toil around impassable reaches of rapids and white falls leaping headlong over towering ledges to plunge into wide basins beneath; passing cliffs that lifted a sheer thousand feet of granite wall above the timbered floor of the valley, where golden eagles soared above inviolate nests and gyrfalcons flashed through the air like winged arrows, they pushed on toward the goal that beckoned their paddles.

Then, one day the rocky ramparts of the valley began to fall away. The country flattened out and they entered a long lake filled with islands.

"How far have we come, John?" asked Alan as the canoe nosed a wide ripple across the windless surface of the lake.

"According to my record," said McCord, "we've made good time, on 14 days, and been held up on portages, or rested, on six. We must have come over 300 miles. Aleck claimed he traveled 200 miles upstream. I believe we're not far from the River of Skulls. All day the valley's been changing and back there a ways, before we hit the lake, I saw a lot of cliff faces that were reddish, due to the oxide of iron in the rock. This is what the geologists call Cambrian strata. We've left the granite and entered a region of shale and limestone."

"That's where you find quartz veins and gold, eh?"

"Sometimes you do—if you're lucky. According to Drummond, the River of Skulls cuts through granite and limestone to make that gorge. See? It's the quartz veins in the granite that carry pyrites and galena, from which the river, once upon a time, washed the gold into those sands.

"There's the old miner for you, Alan!" laughed Heather. "Give him a squint at a rock and he's lost for all day."

"I believe we'll see the mouth of John's river in three or four days," went on McCord. "Then we'll give Heather and Noel a job sewing up moccasins and patching old clothes while we locate those sands."

"Yes, but I'm going to pan gold too," she insisted, "and I'm going to hunt deer."

"Maybe you'd like to hunt for Naskapi," said her father. "They might eat you, you're such a delicate morsel."

She stopped paddling and pushing the sleeve of her woolen shirt above her elbow, flexed her biceps. The muscles of the round, brown arm swelled smooth and hard. "There's nothing delicate about that, is there? I'm hard as a rock, mister, and no Indian's going to find me a delicate morsel."

"I'd say that Heather would make pretty poor chewing, if any one asked me," chimed in Alan from the stern. "She's grown skinny and tough doing her bit on this trip. They'd have to boil her for hours to make her tender enough to eat."

"You call me skinny?" Heather turned where she knelt amidships, and made a face at the sternman who grinned at his own characterization of her strong young body, hardened from constant exercise, but beautiful in its smooth symmetry and grace. "What do you say, Noel?" she demanded of the man in the bow. "Am I skinny?"

"You lak' de bear, w'en de berry ees ripe in September," laughed the Montagnais. "Alan, hees eye ees bad, eef he call you skinnee."

For hours they paddled down the long lake. Red-throated loons dove at their approach to scold them from a distance with their wailing; gulls rose from their nesting rocks to flap lazily off the liquid mirror that pictured sky and forest; sheldrake skittered along the shores, flaying the surface with their short wings.

When the sun plunged behind the low western hills, rimming the tundra with fire, the lake still reached before them, mile after mile, into the north. They made camp on one of a group of islands edged with the young green of sand-bar willows and alders where, back from the pebbly shore, the thick spruce and tamarack would mask their fire from



the eyes of any wandering Naskapi.

Soon the hardy puppies, who had been following the lake shore in sight of the canoe, came swimming out to the island. They were now two years old and full grown. When they had fed the ravenous dogs and eaten their own supper of white-fish and lake trout, Alan and Heather sat on the shore in the long twilight. Suddenly Alan's roving eyes focused on a point of the shore two miles up the lake.

"That looks mighty like a canoe to me, Heather," he said, rising, his eyes still watching the distant shore.

"A canoe? You don't think it's Indians?" she asked, her voice husky with apprehension.

"I'm going for the glasses."

"Something that looks like a canoe moving along the shore," Alan announced to the two men at the tents.

All three hurried to the beach and joined Heather. Focusing his glasses, Alan gazed for a space without comment, then handed them to McCord. "It's hard to make it out, John, against the green of the shore, but it looks like a canoe."

For a long time McCord studied the object in the distance. Then he handed the glasses to Noel.

"What do you think, Noel?"

The Indian was occupied with the glasses and did not answer.

Heather's violet eyes grew dark with dread. "What will happen to the dogs if they run into the Naskapi on the shore?" she cried. "Oh, I don't want anything to happen to the dogs!"

Alan smiled at her. She loved the Ungavas as he did and the dogs loved her. What, indeed, would happen, he wondered, if they ran into the Naskapi while they followed the canoe along the shore?

At last, after a long observation, Noel turned to the others with a twinkle in his small eyes.

"Dat cano' ees deer!"

"What? Deer?"

"Ah-hah! Dey are out in de lak' now. You see?" and he handed the glasses to McCord.

"Noel, you're right!" said the big man, after an interval. "They were all bunched together and looked just like a boat."

"We need that meat," insisted Alan. "Let's get it!"

They launched the Peterboro and the four blades lifted the empty craft through the water, for Heather paddled with the skill of a man. Caribou have poor eyesight but when, at last, they saw the canoe behind them cutting off their retreat to the shore, they became panic-stricken. Lifting themselves almost out of the water, with heads, backs, and white sterns exposed, they churned the still surface of the lake with the drive of their piston-like legs and splay hooves. But the unloaded canoe with its four blades was too fast for the swimming deer and they were finally driven in to the shore of the island where the dogs got what the masters could not use of the meat. When it was dark and the smoke could not be seen, a fire was built and they started smoking the venison to preserve it for future use.

In the morning the Peterboro continued down the lake. It was deep in July and John McCord and Alan were growing anxious. Already less than two months of summer remained in which to accomplish their purpose. Every day was precious and must be put to good use if they were to succeed. And beyond this was the danger of meeting the Naskapi. Of McQueen they talked little. They knew they would have to reckon with the four men somewhere behind them, when they had their gold and started back over the ice for the cache at the head of the river.

With Rough in the boat because of his wound, they followed the shore so the three puppies would keep them in sight and not start swimming.

The canoe traveled past boulder-strewn points and scrub-covered islands down the long lake. They were about to turn inshore to boil the kettle for a midday meal, when the bowman trailing his paddle in one hand, looked fixedly toward a point of boulders thrusting out into the lake ahead.

"What d'you see, Noel?" asked McCord.

Noel reached back his hand without removing his eyes from the far point. "De glass!" he demanded.

Shipping his paddle the bowman focused the binoculars.

"I can't make out anything, can you, John?" said Alan.

"No."

Then the muttered "Ah-hah!" of the

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bowman centered the attention of the other three. "Man on dat point, dere!" he continued. "He got fire, al-so."

"A fire?"

"Ah-bah, be mak' some smoke. I see smoke leetle piece back."

"But if he's trying to make signal smoke to Indians across the lake, he knows we can see it too."

"I t'ink he signal to us," said the Montagnais.

"To us?"

"Ah-hah! Just now, he wave hees arm een de h'air lak he was kiskwew, crazee. Den he fall down."

Noel handed the glasses back to McCord.

"Noel's right!" exclaimed the giant, with the binoculars at his eyes. "He's got the smoke going now and is waving his arms. Now what does all this mean?"

"It may be a Naskapi trick to us into range of the shore," suggested Alan.

"The puppies!" suddenly cried Heather. "They're coming up the shore and will get shot! Oh, Alan, we've got to save the puppies! Dad, d'you hear?"

"We'll turn in, head them off, and make them swim across to that island. It's not far, Heather," consoled Alan, reaching for his 30-30 and pumping a shell into the chamber, followed in the maneuver by John and the girl.

"Who saw the dogs last?" asked John. "They're quite a ways behind us. Come on, Noel, we've got to take care of those dogs."

But the Montagnais was again studying the rocky point through the glasses.

"Dat feller ees kiskwew, for sure," said the Montagnais, after an interval. "He raise hees shirt on a stick, now,"

"You don't think he's trying to draw us in shore so they can reach us with their muzzle loaders? We'll take no chances!" said John McCord, making the water boil behind his heavy paddle.

"Eet may be. But he mak' de strange move for sure."

The Peterboro headed in to the shore and when the dogs appeared coming up the beach, they were called into the water. Following the canoe, they swam directly across to the island avoiding the boulder point. In the meantime a heavy smoke lifted from the point and the man at the fire appeared to wave frantically at the distant canoe.

"Now we got de dog off his shore, mebbe we get bettair look at dat Naskapi. I tole you he ees kiskwew," urged Noel.

"No, we'd better get out of this country," objected McCord.

"Let's paddle over to where an Indian's muzzle loader can't reach us, John, and have a look at this man," suggested Alan. "I'm beginning to think Noel's right about this affair."

"We'll leave Heather on the island with the dogs," said her father.

"You wil' not!" objected the girl vehemently. "I'm taking my chances with the rest, thank you! I stay right here, Dad! How would it help me to be left on the island with you all killed?"

So, while Noel watched the point and swept the shores behind it, the canoe moved slowly across and stopped out of range of the shore. It was clearly evident, now, that the man on the point was greatly excited. Dropping the stick which he had been waving he began to shout as the canoe cautiously approached with two rifles leveled at him.

When the boat was within calling distance, cupping his hands, Noel shouted in Montagnais: "Kekway! Kekway! Why do you build the fire? What do you want? If you have people hidden behind the rocks, we will shoot you when they fire. Our guns have great magic. They shoot straight and far!"

The Indian understood the Montagnais for back came the reply in a shrill voice: "I trade at the big Fort Chimo. I am alone and starving. I have no gun!"

"He says he's starving and alone, John!" explained Alan. "He trades at Chimo!"

Noel was giving the Indian on the beach a careful inspection with the binoculars. Shortly he grunted as he handed them to McCord. "He so weak he not stan' up. He lean on rock, and be ees ver' poor een de face. Where is your gun and canoe?" demanded Noel in Montagnais.

From the shore came the answer which Noel interpreted: "He say not to shoot, be run away from de Caribou People. Dey keel all hees familee."

"There's no doubt about that Indian being starved, Alan," said McCord with the glasses at his eyes. "He's thin as a spruce. I can almost see his knees shake. And he knows if he's got an ambush behind him in those rocks, he's a dead man, himself, at this range, whatever happens."



"Shall we go in and look him over, Noel?" asked Alan.

"Ah-hah, da man ees starve for sure."

So, under cover of three rifles, Alan pushed the canoe in to within a hundred feet of the point of boulders. As the canoe approached the Indian. it was evident to those who watched him that be was in a starving condition.

Alan, understanding most of the conversation, listened closely to Noel's talk with the Naskapi. Then Noel turned to the others in the canoe while the stranger stared in undisguised amazement at the golden-haired girl in the clothes of a man.

"He say beeg band of Naskapi ees toward de rising sun, east of here. on de barren. Dey spear deer at cross-ovair on lak'."

They took the young Indian in the canoe and crossed to the island where they had left the dogs. There, while Noel made some caribou broth and fed him sparingly, the Indian told his story. His name was Napayo, in Naskapi, the "One Who Sees Far." With his father, mother and brother, he had left the Quiet Water and journeyed up the Koksoak in search of the deer, for this spring no deer were crossing the Quiet Water where they always passed and the salmon had not started to run. His family needed, not only dried meat for the winter, but summer skins to make clothes and they were in despair. Living on river fisb, they reacbed the Nipiw, the River of Death, long ago agreed on between the Fort Chimo Naskapi and the Caribou People of the upper Koksoak as the frontier, the dead line, between their hunting grounds, beyond which there should be no passing. But Napayo's family so feared that they would miss the deer migration and later starve that they took the chance of traveling into the forbidden country. A week before, on the Koksoak, below this long lake, they were surprised by the Caribou People. He alone survived.

"You passed the River of Skulls on the way up the Koksoak?" asked Alan.

Into the pinched features of the Naskapi crept a look of awe. The eyes, brilliant from fasting, were filled with dread as he avoided the straight gaze of the white man. "It is the Forbidden Water. We pass the mouth on the Big River, but no one journeys to the Gorge of the Spirits."

"How far from this lake is the moutb?"

Napayo held up three, tben four fingers as he said: "Not far, three—four sleeps. There is much white water and falls between."

Alan and John exchanged triumphant looks. They were within a few days of their goal. But Noel looked uneasy. He still remembered the talks of the old men. Still, wherever Alan went, he would go.

"We do not go to Fort Chimo," explained Alan to the Indian boy whose hand holding a cup of broth visibly trembled. "We stop, four sleeps down the river. We will take you witb us."

Evidently, from the grayness of his swart features, Napayo was greatly disturbed, but he did not reply.

The news that a large band of Naskapi were not far east of the lake, hunting the deer at a water crossing, drove the Peterboro on down the lake and far into the twilight. After a long talk with the Fort Chimo Naskapi, Noel was satisfied that his story fas true. There was nothing else to do but take him along in the canoe. crowded though it was with people and supplies. Later he would be more than useful as a hunter, when the deer headed south on their fall migration.

In camp that night at the outlet, the Naskapi's eyes seldom left the girl who dressed like a white man. The marvel of her blond hair held him spellbound. Often he failed to hear Noel's questions, so intense was his interest, and when the mosquitoes drove her to wrap her golden head in netting, his lean face went grave with disappointment.

"Look out, Heather," teased Alan, "or you'll have another Indian trying to touch the gold in your hair."

"It's only Indians who seem to notice my hair," she answered, wistfully.

His brows contracted as he thoughtfully searched her face. "See here," he said earnestly, "you don't mean that, do you? Why your hair is beautiful, Heather, and when it comes to dimples——"

But she flung herself away, and blood stained her brown neck, while Alan closely watched her. Could it be? he wondered. Could it be that Heather—No, it was foolisb to tbink that this girl he had thought of, treated as a sister, could—Why she was almost like another boy, a comrade, not a woman. Like a younger brother, stout-hearted, cheerful, sharing their hardships without a murmur. It was impossible! But of late he had certainly sensed something in her manner. After the fight on the barren when she had bandaged his head, he had noticed that her hands shook—tbere had been an indefinable something in her eyes. She often had a way of looking at him with those dark-lashed eyes of hers, when she thought he didn't see her. Then, again, there were times when she had been silent, strange, moody.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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Looking at the Lighter Side of Life

REALLY BAD



MOTHER—So you had to discharge that clerk for inefficiency?

Betty—Yes. He couldn't even sell a can opener to a June bride.

"Did you kill all the germs in the baby's milk?"

"My, yes; I ran it through the meat chopper twice."

Lots of Time

Sam was being implored by a church committee of brethren to contribute to a special fund the church was trying to raise. But Sam was obdurate.

"Well," said one of the brothers, "don't you all think you owes de Lawd anythin'?"

"Oh, ah sure does," said Sam, "only He ain't pressin' me like mah other creditors is."

"Are you the celebrated lion tamer?"

"No, I only comb the lions and clean their teeth."

Next in Line

"I heard today that your son was an undertaker. I thought you said he was a physician."

"Not at all, sir. I said he followed the medical profession."

"You sold me a car two weeks ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."

Daring

Binks—What's the matter with that woman over there?

Dinks—I think her dinner disagreed with her.

Binks—Well, I certainly admire its courage!

"Yassah," said the little colored boy, "Ise named for my parents. Daddy's name was Ferdinand, and Mammy's name was Liza."

"What's your name, then?"

"Ferdiliza."

And Furnished

Shadrack—Girls want a lot nowadays.

Meshack—Yes, and they want a house on it too.

IN STYLE



"I'M a man of few words."

"Same here. I'm married too."

SAFETY FIRST

MOTHER—Now Janey, be a nice girl and give your little brother part of your apple.

Janey—Not me, mother. That was what my Sunday school teacher said Eve did to Adam, and you know how she's been criticized ever since.

One day two negroes bought a watch between them. It went wrong, however, and one of them took it to pieces and found a dead fly inside.

"No wonder de watch wouldn't go," he said. "De engine-driber am dead."

A Hint

Charles—I had a funny dream last night. I dreamed I was in South Africa. Diamonds were lying about me everywhere.

Elsie—Did you see any as small as the one in the engagement ring you gave me?

It was the first day of a new term, and the teacher asked a small girl in her class—a new pupil—what her father's name was.

"Daddy," replied the child.

"Yes, I know," said the teacher. "But what does your mother call him?"

"She doesn't call him anything," was the quick answer. "She like him."

SMILES

SMITH — Time doesn't change much, does it?



Jones — What do you mean, time doesn't change much?

Smith—Well, long ago Greek maidens were supposed to sit and listen to lyres all evening.

Jones—What has that to do with time changing?

Smith—Nothing, only a lot of modern girls do the same thing.

He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it?" he inquired, tenderly.

"They did more than that," she replied. "Two of them recognized it!"

Traffic Rules

Cop (to sweet young thing turning right against one-way traffic stream)—Hey, you can't do that.

S. Y. T.—Why?

Cop—Well, a right turn is wrong—the left turn is right. If you wanna turn right, turn left then . . . Aw, go ahead.

Author—Well, sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing literature.

Friend—You gave up?

Author—Oh, no; by that time I was too famous.

Everybody Heard

Hojack—Have you ever done any public speaking?

Cuatajar—Only once, when I proposed to a girl over a telephone in my home town.

HEARTLESS



"HAROLD says that after we are married he will want me to dress like a queen."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and for a while he will be proud as a king. And after that he will grumble like a taxpayer."

First Doctor—Then we decide not to operate?

Second Doctor—Yes. What do you think we ought to charge him for deciding not to operate?

Modern Age

Teacher—Now, Tom, hold your head up and shoulders back—you'd like to have a fine carriage when you're a man, wouldn't you?

Tom—Well, I'd rather have an airplane.

Pa—I think I'll go down-stairs and send Nancy's young man home.

Ma—Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court.

Pa—Gosh, I hadn't thought of that. Out he goes!

Her Peril

"I say, why is Jones pacing up and down outside his house like that?"

"He's awful worried about his wife, poor chap."

"Why—what has she got?"

"The car."

First Clerk—Have you and your boss ever had any differences of opinion?

Second Ditto—Yes, but he doesn't know it!

Contest

Judge—Have you ever been up before me?

Culprit—I don't know, yer bonor—what time do you get up?

Passenger—Have I time to say goodby to my wife?

Porter—I don't know, sir; how long have you been married?

BOLD MAN



"JOHN, you must discharge the cook. She was impertinent to me and threatened to throw me out of the kitchen."

"The idea! I shall certainly discharge her. No one can talk to my wife like that and not answer to me for it."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, John. Maggie is in the kitchen now."

"All right. I'm going to the office. When you hear the telephone ring tell Maggie I want to speak to her."

